

Y. Stubbs.
ANT^y*MERRY *Merry 5491*

LETTERS

FROM A

LADY at *PARIS*

TO A

LADY at *AVIGNON*:

CONTAINING

A Particular Account of the CITY,
the POLITICKS, INTRIGUES,
GALLANTRY, and Secret HISTORY
of Persons of the First QUALITY in
FRANCE. Sarah Foster 1720

Written by Madam DU NOYER.

VOL. II.

To which is Added,
An ALPHABETICAL INDEX
Of the *Principal Matters* contain'd in
both VOLUMES.

LONDON:

Printed for W. MEARS at the *Lamb*, and
J. BROWNE at the *Black-Swan* without *Temple-bar*.
MDCCXVII.

Sarah Foster

ANT. MERRY

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FROM A

LADY at PARIS

TO A

LADY at AMSTERSHAM

CONTAINING

A Particular Account of the City
the Politicks, Intelligences
GALLANTRY, and Secret History
of Persons of Quality in
FRANCE



Written by J. B. ROYER

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LETTERS

FROM A

LADY at PARIS

TO A

LADY at AVIGNON.

VOL. II.

LETTER XXI.

From THOULOUSE.

IF it were as easie for me to come to you, as it is for you to wish it, Madam, I should have been with you long since, and have procured my self that Pleasure ; but you know I am not Mistress of my Destiny, I must follow that of my Husband, as he must
B obey

obey his, where-ever the King's Orders command him; after this, there can be no Blame imputed to me on that Account. If I am not incessantly repeating to you my longing Desire to see you again, it is because I believe you do me the Justice to be fully persuaded of it; I know nothing of our Journies, whether they will end here, or whether we must extend them further, but where-ever I am, you are sure to have a most faithful Friend. Whatever Pleasure I take in Travelling, there is no Day passes I can assure you, but I wish my self with you; neither have the Pleasures of *Paris*, or *Versailles* any Share in that Wish: A Counsellor of this Parliament, who is lately arrived from *Paris*, and who, if we may believe him, was an Ocular Witness of what passed at Court, told me a Circumstance you have not mentioned. He says, that Day the Chancellor's Lady gave the magnificent Ball to the Dutchess of *Burgundy*, this Princess sent her Coach and Six Horses, early in the Morning, to the College, to fetch Father *le Conte*: The Jesuit being surprized, asked, at his Arrival, why she would Confess her self at a Time destin'd to other Matters? The Princess answered, No, Father, I did not send for you to Confess me to Day, but you must immediately sketch me out a Draught of a *Chinese* Habit; you have
been

been in *China*, and I will this Evening be dress'd in that Country Manner at the Ball. The Confessor protested ingenuously he had been more used to the *Chinese* Men than the Women; however he was obliged to trace out the Figure, after which he was sent back. The Counsellor told me also he made one at the Masquerade, and was dress'd like a Devil, with Three more of his Friends, who took a Coach, and after they had appeared at *Versailles*, they run from Ball to Ball at *Paris*, till thinking it Time to retire, he thought of going Home, the rest leaving him as near his Lodgings as possible, where he knock'd hard, it being extream cold, but was forced to redouble his Strokes before he could wake a fat Servant Maid of the House, who half asleep open'd the Door, and crying *Jesu Maria*, shut it with all her Strength: The Counsellor never thought of of his Diabolical Dress, but wondred what ailed the Wench; he knock'd till he was almost starved with Cold, and at last was forced to seek a Lodging elsewhere: Walking along the Street he perceived a Light in a House, and by good Luck the Door was not close shut; entring he saw a Coffin with Wax-Candles burning about it, and a Friar fast asleep over his Breviary by a good Fire, the Room being hung with Black. This Vision did not fright him, but

he got as near the Grate as he could, and with great Tranquility fell asleep in a Chair: In the mean Time the Monk waked, and made no doubt but the Devil was come for the dead Man; Upon which he roared out dreadfully, while the Counsellor starting out of his Sleep, and frighted, believed also the dead Corps was got up and going to fall upon him; but recovering his Fright, he considered his own Dress was the Occasion of all this Terror, and being about Day-break, and not far from the Brokers, he changed his Habit, and returned to his Quarters, where he had not much Trouble to get in; he was told the fat Wench was very sick of a Visitation the Devil had made her, which caused her Illness: He said nothing of his being the Dæmon, but it spread all about that Part of the Town, that the Devil had come to fetch Mr. such a one. The Confessor affirmed it, and that which gave it Credit was, his being an Excise Officer, a Profession but little suspected for any great Interest in a better World. Thus you see many odd Stories are spread Abroad, and we receive them upon Trust. The Counsellor acquainted me with many pleasant Adventures which he met with at *Paris*, I wish he had the Honour to be known to you, being sure it would be agreeable to both; he is a genteel Man, but
you

you must excuse the *Gasconades* of his Country. *Lent* has ended the Pleasures of our *Thoulousian* Ladies; and although they began again after *Easter*, yet not with that Spirit as in the Carnival, in which it is not over secure going in the Streets: They let down the Coach Glasses, for fear they should be broke by the Multitude of Sugar-Plumbs which are thrown at those in them; no Body stays at Home at such Times, the Shopkeepers forsake their Shops, the Servants are dispens'd with from obeying their Masters, and all the rest run about Streets from Morning till Night, the Ladies in Coaches, and the Gentlemen on Horseback, the Mob a-foot; others ride Mask'd in Carts, where they represent the Seasons, or the Five Senses, the Passions, &c. with Papers of printed Verses to explain them, which they throw into the Ladies Coaches; besides all this, those who have Mistresses on those Days give them the *Mas-pain*, which is a Box as large as a Trunk, fill'd with Sweet-meats, and cover'd with fine Gold Stuff, sufficient to make a Petticoat tied full of Knots of Gold Ribbon for a compleat Suit; this *Mas-pain* is carried about either on Horseback, or in a Chaise, and when it has been sufficiently admired, and they have thrown about their Verses in her Praise for whom it is designed, it is presented to her in

the Place where there is most Company, by People Mask'd. When they have sauntered about the Streets all Day, they run to the Balls at Night; and at the rate they live, no Body could endure the Fatigue, if *Lent* did not seasonably intervene to stop their Madness: Yet every Season has here its Pleasures, but something more Moderate; every *Sunday* in *Lent* they celebrate the *Fenestra* in one of the Suburbs of the City; in that called *Basacle* they eat Oysters; in others, other Things; but the finest *Fenestra* is in the Suburb of *St. Severin*, where is their *Cours* (or *Hide-Park*); all the Ladies meet there on *Easter-Monday*, dress'd to their greatest Advantage, and the Gentlemen on Horseback, managing their Horses with their utmost Address by the Coach Sides, a Multitude of Men on Foot, some like Pastry-Cooks Apprentices, others like Shepherds, every one carrying a *Fenestra* on his Head, a *Fenestra* being a large but excellent Cake, cover'd with Sweet-meats, and stuck thick with Lemons-Chips, upon a Pye-Peel surrounded with little Ribbons and odd Toys, the whole as much as one can well carry, which dancing they shoot into the Ladies Coaches, so that the Two Ends of the Cake come out at both Doors; but this Present has no particular Meaning, being given to married Women as well as to Maids. I enquired whence

whence the Original of this Custom was derived, and was told it came from a devout Institution: I had observed it began with first hearing Mass in a Church in the Suburb where they were to be merry; and also, that the Sacrament was exposed that Day, but did not imagine these Junketings succeeded the Love-Feasts which the Primitive Christians formerly made near the Graves of the Martyrs; yet this is what they told me, and what the Word *Fenestra* signify'd, in I know not what Language. I enquired further the Meaning of *Basacle*, where they eat the Oysters, and found it was another Suburb, which took its Name from a Mill of prodigious Greatness, inhabited by abundance of Gentry with long Ears. This Mill is one of the Curiosities of *Thoulouse*, and I recollected I had read a kind of Relation concerning it, in *Monsieur du Puis Amours, Intrigues, and Friendships*, This, Madam, is all I have to return you at present for the fine Stories you have favoured me with; that of the *Mareschal de L'Hospital* is wonderful, one could hardly believe that a Fart, for we must call a *Spade* a *Spade*, should raise a little Citizen's Daughter to a Throne, or at least to be a King's Wife, and yet to this ill Wind she owes all her Elevation. I cannot enough admire the Caprices of Fortune,, nor by what Means she

she may be made favourable; in truth it is a Folly to torment our selves to search for her, for he that lies in Bed, expecting her, is in Opinion the wisest, and it happens sometimes she comes to us in our Sleep. The Courier, who is just arrived from *Rouffillon*, brings the News of the King of *Spain's* Death. I doubt not but it will occasion great Changes, and perhaps a new War; our Troops are on the Frontiers, and apparently they were sent thither to support the Right of our Princes to that Succession. I beseech you inform me what passes at Court on this Subject; they say here all Things are settled long ago, and that there is a Treaty of Partition, by which the *Spanish* Monarchy is divided: I doubt much whether the *Spaniards* will consent to it; they raise many Arguments here, and some lay Wagers; for my part I wait patiently what will be the Issue. As to the rest, you have acquainted me with nothing concerning the Camp of *Compeigne*; there is a Play made of it already, which I have seen here, neither have you given me any Account of Madam *Tiquet*, whose Execution made such a Noise at *Paris*; as I would lose nothing, I entreat you to send me the Circumstances; you know your Promise to write me all that happens in my Absence, therefore I challenge your Word as on my Side, I keep mine by an Account of all done here. *I am.* L E T-

LETTER XXII.

From PARIS.

I Have now, Madam, good News to tell you, which occasions our Poets to exercise their Talents, the King of *Spain's* Death opens a Scene fill'd with great Events, and without Appearance of their being bloody. This Monarch, as you know without doubt, has named the Duke of *Anjou* for his Successor, and the *Spanish* Nation has demanded him with Earnestness: You were rightly inform'd there was a Treaty of Partition, but the Will of King *Charles* makes that Treaty null, and our King too well understands his Interest, to be content with a Part when he may have the Whole. The Thing however was deliberated in Council, and was determin'd according to the King's Intention, none but Monsieur *de Torcy* being of

of a contrary Opinion, he alone being for the Partition ; but as one Swallow makes no Summer, his Sentiments were of no Weight. The King has declared Monsieur D' Anjou King of Spain ; and now that Prophetick Saying is made good, which has run about, *That the Dauphin should be Son of a King, and Father of a King, without being a King.* The King the other Day mentioning it to him, the Dauphin replied, he hoped he should say all his Life long, *The King my Father, and the King my Son.* Mademoiselle de Scudery made some Verses upon it, which have Fire enough in them for a Muse Fourscore and thirteen Years old.

*Long I foretold my Heroe's Golden Reign
Should o'er the Earth extend, and rolling Main.
But that which fills my Soul with most Content,
Is that I live to see the blest Event.*

Mademoiselle de Scudery sent these Verses to Madam d' Aleirac, who returned her these which follow.

*Sappho, Immortal Prophetess !
Who Things obscure bring'st from Times dark
Recess :*

*This great Event could not be hid from You :
Thus Things foreknown by thee, to us are new.*

I should write a Volume instead of a Letter,
should I undertake to send you all that has
been

been written on this Subject, there being both good and bad ; and if I did not fear to be thought a scurvy Endeavourer at Wit, I should tell you *Philip* the fifth was covered with Rhymes, as *Philip* the second was with Lice ; even *Pasquin* would have his Jest, telling *Merforio* there was no going to the Court of *France* to play at * *Berland*, for there are three Kings in Hand, and one turned up ; the King turned up is the Prince of *Conti*, who is returned from *Poland* ; he at *St. Germain*s, and our two at *Versailles* compleating the Number three. The King of *Spain* is come to show himself here, and receive the Acclamations of the People ; he has been at *Nôtre Dame*, and the *Pallais Royal*, and every where he received the Honours due to him ; the King gives him the Right Hand when he dines in Publick with him, and treats him with, *Your Majesty*, saying, Sire, this is good, will your Majesty taste of this Dish ? The Dauphin crossing the Room said, his Catholick Majesty is long at Table ; all these Respects abundantly please the *Spaniards* who are here : I dined with a Grandee called *Medina de las Torres*, who was overjoy'd with the Honours shew'd his King. There was the *Spanish* Ambassador's Secretary's Lady called *Donna Catherina*, a mighty pretty little Creature,

* A Play at Cards, where three Kings certainly wins.

who told me she was at *Versailles* the Day on which the Duke of *Anjou* was proclaimed King, and desiring to be the first *Spanish* Lady who should have the Honour to kiss his Hand, she fell on her Knees for that Purpose, according to the Custom of her Country; the polite and gallant Prince would have taken her up, drawing back his Hand, which she would not let go, but followed him on her Knees 'till he was obliged to give it her to get out of hers; they told him it was the Fashion in *Spain*, and I believe he will not be again so cruel. The late King of *Spain* has given him a Wife in his Will, though it is thought he will not accept of her; but the Duke of *Savoy's* Daughter is like to carry the Point before the Emperor's. Besides some Reasons of State which may lead him that way, he may find also some others: The Dutchess of *Burgundy* told the King of *Spain*, when she took her Leave at *Seaux*, she desired him to remember she had a Sister who was a very lovely Princess, and they say the Arch-Dutchess has no such Character for Beauty. I have said nothing to you of the magnificent Entertainment the Duke of *Maine* gave the *Spanish* King at *Seaux*, the Day of his Departure; the *Mercury Gallant* will inform you, and I love not saying what others have said; only I acquaint you, the whole

whole Court and City were there, and I among the rest, where the King had a private Discourse with the King of *Spain*, and having given him his Instructions, tenderly embracing him, he left him in the Dauphin's Arms, who wept in parting with that dear Son, following him at a distance, and holding his Handkerchief to his Eyes; but the King pull'd him by the Arm, saying, My Son, whither go you? and brought him back to the Apartment. I went down Stairs to see the young King take Coach, and I observ'd when he did me the Honour to salute me, his Eyes were extream red: I did not wonder at it, he knew what he left, but not what he was going to. As we were overjoyed at his coming to that Crown, so we were as much afflicted at his Departure; every one wept except the Princes, his Brothers, who were glad of an Opportunity to travel with him to the *Spanish* Frontiers. The Duke of *Berry*, with his usual Vivacity, said to the Duke of *Burgundy*, Do you know, Brother, why the King makes us accompany the King of *Spain*? Yes, answered that Prince, that we might continue together as long as possible, and at the same time see the Country: You have not hit it, replied the Duke of *Berry*, it is to show the *Spaniards* he has given them the best of us three: The Duke of *Burgundy* did

did not seem pleased with what was said, but shewed not his Resentment 'till they both returned. The King of Spain, fatigued with so many Harangues made him at Paris, arrived at Chartres the first Days Journey: he thought he must endure one there also; but the Curate, who was to be the Orator, found a pleasant way to harangue him, he alter'd a few Words in an old Christmas Carol; and after saying to him, Sir, Long Speeches being inconvenient, and Speech-makers troublesome, I will only tell your Majesty that — and then sung as follows.

*The Folk of Chartres and Monlerry
Are all full glad and mighty merry,
To see their Monarch's Grandson call'd to Spain,
The Iberian Greatness to maintain.
There may he ever reign secure
Amidst Delight and Laughter,
As long as Sun and Moon endure,
And Candle and Lanthorn after.*

This Harangue was so pleasing to our young Princes, that a Courier going every Day to Versailles to the King, they gave him an Account of it, and sent him the old Curate's Song, at which the whole Court laugh'd heartily, and every Lady learnt to sing it: But the Courier who came from Orleans brought no such diverting News, for Monsieur de Beauvilliers sent him to the King, in

in the Bitterness of his Soul, to complain that in spite of all his Vigilance, the King of *Spain* had made Shipwreck of that which they call Baptismal Innocence, which he had been obliged to keep 'till that Time; for he had surprized the young Monarch in a Situation, which he desired no Witness of, with his Nurse's Neice; he seeing him enter the Room, cry'd, What, have I no Guards? The devout Governour, out of his Wits at this Adventure and the Tone in which his Pupil spoke to him, made his Complaint to the King; but the Hypocritical *Noailles* writ on the other Hand, and like a cunning Courtier, turn'd the whole Story into a Farce, and the King also laugh'd at it, which was the best way it could be taken, for the King of *Spain* was become his own Master. Monsieur *de Beauvilliers* would have sent the young Woman to *Paris*: The young King was not of his Opinion, but when they told him she was indisposed, he said travelling would do her good, and ordered her to follow him; and accordingly it must be, notwithstanding the Scrupulosity of *de Beauvilliers*, who pretending want of Health returned to *Paris* soon after, quitting the Field to the *Maréchal de Noailles*, whose Devotion always complies with the Times; he was heretofore Intendant to *la Fontange*, therefore it
is

is not to be admired if he could conform on Occasion ; and thus it is People make their Fortunes. The Princes past thro' a Town I will not name, and had a Design to give a Ball, to which Purpose they sent to the Intendant to borrow his Hall, who excused himself, I know not for what Reason, while the Mayor of the Town offered his House to the Princes, and beat down the Partitions to make it hold the Company ; the Intendant was so silly as to come thither with his Wife in Masquerade, where being soon discovered, they were sufficiently play'd upon ; they drew away their Chairs from under 'em ; and being both very homely some Body took a Fancy to draw the Pictures of the Family in a Song, by way of Question and Answer.

*This Intendant do you know ?
 And his charming Wife also — No :
 Their beauteous Bantlin do you know,
 Fruit of their tender Flame I trow — No.
 Did you a bare Arse ever see : — Yea ;
 Then, by my Faith, you've seen all three.*

This Song was no less sung at Court than that of the old Curate of *Chartres*. But now we are speaking of Arses, it puts me in mind of the Song which the Dutchess *de Maine* made on the Dutchess of *Montfort*, the Marquess *D'Angeau's* Daughter.

The

*The Daughter of Angeau
Is like him you know :
And Angeau has a Face
Very much like mine A — e :*

*From whence I conclude, that Angeau's queer
Daughter
Is as much like my Arse as are two Drops of
Water.*

But to return to the Princes Travels, of which the King received an exact Account: We were told that after the King of *Spain* was delivered into the Grandees Hands who came to meet him, the Dukes of *Burgundy* and *Berry* had a terrible Quarrel in their Return: The King desired they should draw the Plans of such Towns where they made any Stay, and send them to him, that he might judge of them: The King perceived the Duke of *Berry* succeeded better than the Prince his Brother, of whom the Duke of *Burgundy* grew so jealous, that finding him busy'd in drawing a new Plan, he maliciously threw down the Ink upon it; the young Duke, not to be behind hand with him, went to his Apartment and poured a whole Bottle of the same upon his Draughts: The Duke of *Burgundy*, abusing his Privilege of Eldership, return'd it with a Box on the Ear, and there was much to do to part them;

all Endeavours were used to reconcile this Matter, for which the Duke of *Berry* swore he would have Satisfaction. Mr. *de Noailles* would have perswaded the Duke of *Burgundy* to desire his younger Brother to excuse it, but he could not prevail; and all he could obtain was to write a Letter to the Duke of *Berry*, and he would be the Bearer himself; but the young Duke threw it in the Fire without opening it, saying he knew whence it came, and had no Business to open it: This made some dangerous Consequence be apprehended; and the King, to prevent any such, ordered the Duke of *Burgundy* to come Post to him, while the Duke of *Berry* came on by easy Journeys, with the Nobility which accompanied him. The King commanded them to be Friends, but I much doubt, as absolute as he is, whether ever he will prevail with them to love one another, there is too strong an Antipathy between them, which, I have heard Monsieur *de Beauvilliers* say, gave him a great deal of Trouble when they were but Children; and that the Duke of *Anjou* was often employed to make up the Quarrels between his two Brothers. The Duke of *Berry* is of a wonderful good Disposition: A poor broken Officer complaining of his Necessity to him in a Town where he staid two Days, the Duke told him he had not
a single

a single Penny left to assist him, which troubled him very much ; but on the Morrow he should receive some Money, and if he would meet him a Hunting, he would give him Something. The poor Officer failed not being at the Rendezvous, where as soon as this Prince saw him, he gave him a Purse and Thirty Louis d'Ors, which was all he was allowed for his Pocket-Money for that whole Month : The Officer received this Assistance with great Joy, but a Scruple troubled him for fear it should be thought he had decoy'd the young Prince ; wherefore he went to Monsieur *de Noailles*, and acquainted him with the whole Story, who told him he might keep what was given him. In the Evening the Princes plaid at Lansquenet, but Monsieur *de Berry* refused to play, making several Excuses to avoid it ; at last, being press'd, he told them plainly he had no Money ; and being ask'd what he had done with that he received in the Morning he told them he had given it to an Officer that was ruin'd by the Peace, and had rather retrench his Pleasures than see a Man, who had served faithfully, starve for Want. He was praised for the Action, and the King heard it with Delight. I should never have done should I tell you all the handsome Things the Duke of *Berry* every Day does and says. 'Tis but a while since

he was drawing the Characters of his Brothers, and his own: The Duke of *Burgundy*, said he, was born at Night, and we see he is of a gloomy Temper; the King of *Spain* was born in the Morning, and he is Vigilant, loves Hunting, and the Manage of Horses; and I was born at Noon, and love Company, and good Cheer. The King ask'd him one Day, whether if he had been King of *Spain*, he would declare War with him, if he thought he had a Subject of Complaint: Doubt it not, Sir, said he, if my Council thought it just, I should declare against your Majesty. I don't think the King of *Spain* is of that Temper, for I believe he has carried a *French* Heart with him, even into that Country, though his Manners and Exterior are all *Spanish*; so that he has found the Secret to please every Body, and his new Subjects are extremely fond of him. We hope all will go well, though they say the Emperor has declared the Arch-Duke King of *Spain*; and that he has a Party in *Madrid* it self, who will make Head against the Cardinal *Portocarero*, who has crowned the Duke of *Anjou*; if it be so, we shall see nothing but Kings by Pairs. If in my precedent Letters I have said nothing to you of the Camp at *Compiègne*, it was first because I can't tell you all, and then it was not worth while,

while, it being but a Representation of War, to show the Princes the Exercise without the Danger, or more properly an Opera-War, such as you saw in *Alcestes*, &c. *Dancourt* has made a Play of some Adventures of Citizens, which they say happened in that Camp, but neither the Subject nor the Play is worth much. The History of *Madam Tiquet* is exceeding moving, but too long to enter into this Letter; therefore if you please it shall serve for another Time; the mean while continue me the Honour of your Friendship, and be assured *That* I have for you will never end but with my Life.



I am.





LETTER XXIII.

From *THOULOUSE*.



 Have considered with great Pleasure, Madam, all you have observed concerning the King of *Spain*, and the Princes his Brothers ; as there are Circumstances in your Letter, which the Publick Relations make no mention of, I have been obliged to lend it to all our Ladies here, who, to be in the the Fashion, have learnt the Songs of the Curate of *Chartres*, the Intendant, with that of *D'Angeau's* Daughter, which pleases them the more for being made by a Princess. You will do me a Favour to send me all of her making, that I may use them on Occasion. As we are situated here to receive News from *Spain*, we have it very frequently : All say the Duke of *Anjou* is much beloved ; this goes well if it last. The Counsellor, whom I mentioned to you in
 my

my former Letter, told me a whimsical Adventure he met with at *Paris*. One Day a Friend of his carried him into the Country with a Farmer-General's Wife, where they found another Lady whom they did not know, who came there also upon a Visit. A little after a Gentleman came in, who paid his Respect to that Lady as an Acquaintance, making her some Excuses: To which the Lady answered, Indeed, *M. le Marquis* I shan't forgive you; and I cou'd never have thought you had been such a Man, to come so near *Moncu*, without calling in to see how we 'id. The Marquess ask'd a Thousand Pardons; the Farmer-General's Lady upon this interrupted them, and fell to ask her Friend how she spent her Time. Why, indeed, said the Lady, to tell the Truth, there is not much Diversion at *Moncu*; but then in the Neighbourhood of it there's a great deal of Pastime, and we recreate our selves sufficiently. Our Counsellor knew not what to think of this Conversation; but the Farmer-General's Lady, whispering him in the Ear, soon brought him out of his Perplexity, telling him that that Lady was the Marchioness of *Moncu*, and that *Moncu* was a Country-Seat of her's so call'd. [The *English* Reader will be as much at a Loss to understand this as the Counsellor was, unless he's inform'd,

C 4

that

that *Moncu* signifies my Breech.] This Story made me laugh heartily ; I believe you'll do the same, excusing its Indecency, which indeed is all its Merit. I wait with Impatience for the History of Madam *Tiquet*, which you have promised me ; if it has not the Grace of Novelty, it will have that of Truth ; and I delight not in spreading any false Stories, and less here than any where, which makes me so much esteem your's. I am confirmed in what you told me of Madam *de Barbesieux* : Madam *de Alegre* her Mother is of this Country ; that severe Judge the President *Donneville* was her Father, and consequently Grandfather to Madam *de Barbesieux*. I Yesterday saw the President's Widow, she is an extraordinary Person, and always to be treated as she does herself, that is, always as sick ; she keeps a Physician in Pension, and a Nurse who never leaves her. Thus making her Life one continued Sickness, she has found a way to perpetuate it, being, I believe, about a Hundred Years old. As she is exceeding rich it is easy to live as she best pleases ; neither of her two Husbands, which she had, could persuade her she ever was well. Her first was of *Monpellier*, and was called Monsieur *de Grille*, whose Temper not agreeing, they parted without quarelling. Monsieur *de Grille*, being given to Gallantries, fell in
Love

Love with a fine Lady to such a Degree, that he could never be comforted for her Loss, she dying of the Small Pox, he in Despair hid himself in the *Jacobins* Church, where she was buried. In the Evening one of the Brotherhood, who had the Care of putting Oil in the Lamps, was surprized to find Mr. *de Grille*, who offered him a Purse with Four hundred Louis d'Ors, upon Condition he should open the Grave of Mademoiselle *Daumelas*, which was his Mistress's Name, and in the other Hand held a Poniard, threatening to kill him if he refused; the poor Monk was greatly perplex'd, being alone, the Church Doors shut, and he had every Thing to fear from a Man in Despair; and being neither willing to refuse him, nor to grant his Request, he told him the Stone, which covered her Grave, was too heavy to remove without Help, but he would go and fetch some Monk who was his Friend: Monsieur *Grille* fell into this Trap, and was astonish'd to find the Brotherhood coming in Procession; they seiz'd this disconsolate Lover, and carried him Home, but there he staid not long, for he made a Shift to throw himself out of a Window into the Street, in such Haste was he to go to his Mistress in the other World: After this, never tell me no Man dies for Love; you see Love has his

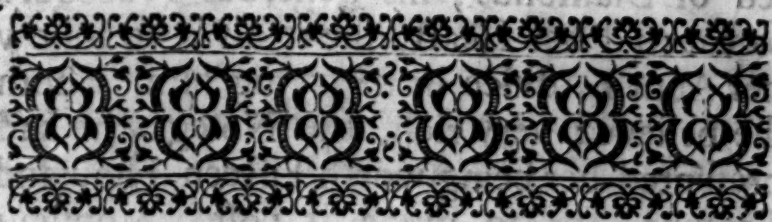
his Martyrs, and tho' the Examples are rare, yet the Quantity does not alter the Species. Madam *de Grille* was not so desperate to follow her Husband out of the World, but thought it better to continue here; and she was in the right of it. Monsieur *de Donneville* married her, and letting her live her own way they agreed very well. The President was extream severe, causing all Thieves and Robbers to be hang'd without Mercy; for he knew they were much given to that Crime in this Country, and has own'd, if he had follow'd his Inclinations, he should have been a Robber himself, therefore resolved to rectify Nature by Law; yet he could never accomplish his Design, for it is not long since the Youth had here a strange kind of Practice, mostly the Sons of Councillors, who at Night went by Troops in the Streets, and made all they met deliver their Purfes; and afterwards kiss their Back-sides, as at Mass they kiss the *Pattin* when they go to the Offering. These illustrious Sparks stil'd themselves the *Kiss-Breech Fraternity*, a terrible one for poor Passengers, the Parliament were forced to take Order about it, but no Body was punish'd, because every one of them had a Son, or a near Relation among them; so that the Pardon was general. I wonder not the King of
Spain

Spain was jaded with so many Harangues; for poor I was much tired myself with them, being obliged to hear them. Going some time since to a Town not far off, they stop'd my Coach at the Gate to hear the Mayor and Consuls complement me in great Ceremony in their *Sunday* Cloaths; the Mayor begins with wishing he had the Eloquence of *Cicero*, and such kind of Stuff: Prithee, Monsieur, said I, let us leave *Cicero*, and without expecting I should answer with *Demosthenes*, let the Gates be opened that I may go in and refresh myself: The Mayor answer'd, he wish'd he had a Palace to offer me, but prayed me to accept their little Houses. There was in my Coach an Abbot, who has a great deal of Wit, and who being minded to dash the Mayor, told him he had a great deal of Assurance to offer to put me into *Bedlam*. [The *French* call their *Bedlam* the *Little Houses*.] The poor Fellow thought he had offended me, but much more when my Husband called him to an Account on some publick Matters which concerned the King; then he could never be perswaded but that it was his bad Harangue had brought this Disgrace upon his Head. I don't send you the Speech the Bishop of *Nismes* made to the Princes, not doubting you have seen it at *Paris*; all agree it is incomparable

parable. Sincerely, I think, there is but one Abbot *Flecbier* in the World: They say also he pronounced it with such a Grace as was astonishing in a Man who has neither Action, Mien, nor Voice, which are the three most necessary Things in an Orator, and yet he out-did the finest Speakers. What gives him this Advantage, is, that he speaks *Things* while most of our Wits say but *Words*. Farewell, Madam, Love me as much as I do you; and believe I am, without Compliment, your own.



LETTER



LETTER XXIV.

From *P A R I S*.

The A N S W E R.



Perceive, Madam, you will give me no Quarter till you have the Story of Madam *Tiquet*, which now I will begin. She was the Daughter of a Bookseller called *Carlier*, who left her 500000 Livres, and as many to her Brother, who is a Captain in the Guards. She was an Orphan at Fifteen Years of Age: Being young, beautiful and rich; she could not want Lovers, but Monsieur *Tiquet* was preferred to all his Rivals, by making his Mistress's Aunt his Friend, to whom he gave Forty Thousand Livres: This Aunt took Care to represent his Courtship to the greatest Advantage, and having sent Mademoiselle *Carlier* a Nosegay, in which were Flowers composed

fed of Diamonds; his generous Procedure so touch'd her Heart, she resolv'd to follow her Aunt's Advice in marrying him, whom she believed very rich, the Nosegay he had presented her being worth Fifteen Thousand Crowns, for so much it cost. Monsieur *Tiquet* was a Counsellor of Parliament. The Marriage at first was happy, they had a Son and a Daughter, and lived very high, the Lady loving Expence, and believing her Husband at least as rich as her self, as he had perswaded her, and dared not undeceive her in that Opinion, but at length it could not be avoided. Madam *Tiquet* found he was so far from being her Equal in Fortune, that all the Expence of his Courtship was paid out of her's: This brought a Division between them, and Madam *Tiquet* perceiving her Riches Decrease, demanded a Separation; her Husband, on his part, complain'd of her Familiarity and Commerce with Monsieur *de Mongeorge*, a Captain in the Guards, obtaining the King's Letter to shut her in a Convent, which Letter his Wife threw in the Fire, and when he came for another he met only with Laughter; his Lady obtain'd a Separation of Estates, continuing to see Monsieur *Mongeorge*. Her Husband and she lived in the same House, but had their separate Apartments, Three Years passing in this manner with great Coldness,

Coldness, but without any publick Noise. One Day, visiting the Countess *D'Aunoi*, Madam *Tiquet* came in, and, seeming disturbed, was asked what ailed her; she answered, she had pass'd part of the Day with the Devil; then said Madam *D'Aunoi*, You have had wicked Company: I mean, reply'd Madam *Tiquet*, when I speak of the Devil, I have been with a Woman who tells Fortunes: And what has she told you, said the Countess? Abundance of good Things, said Madam *Tiquet*; she has assured me in Two Months I shall be above all my Enemies, and in a Condition not to fear their Malice, and perfectly happy; but added she, you see, Madam, I cannot depend upon this, for I can never have Quiet as long as Monsieur *Tiquet* lives, and he is too well to depend upon such a quick Deliverance: Upon which she returned Home, and spent the Evening with the Countess *de Senoville*. Monsieur *Tiquet* had much displeased her, by turning away a Porter whom she liked and trusted more than any Body else; he took that Office upon himself, locking the Doors, and putting the Keys under his Pillow. One Evening, according to his Custom, he was at Madam *Villemeurs*, when Madam *de Senoville*, who lodg'd in the House with him, resolved to vex him, and stay out late, till he was in Bed, that she might

might make him rise and let her in ; but his Hour being pass'd, and he not come, they knew not what to think of it ; on a sudden they heard a Cry of Murther, and a Shot of a Pistol. Madam *Tiquet's* Servants running out at the Noise, found it was their Master, and acquainted their Mistress, telling her he was carried back to Madam *Villemurs*, whither she went, but they would not suffer her to see him. He not being dead, the Commissary of the Quarter examined him, and asked if he had any Eemies ; he answer'd, he had none but his Wife. The Wounds were not mortal, tho' he received five : One of them was very near his Heart, but he being frightened, and consequently his Heart contracted, it took not so much Space as it would naturally have done, and so escap'd being pierc'd, his Fear having saved his Life. Madam *Tiquet* went next Day to Madam *D'Aunois*, to hear what was said of her Abroad, that Lady keeping good Company : Madam *D'Aunois* ask'd her, if Monsieur *Tiquet* knew any of those who assassinated him. Ah ! Madam, replied Madam *Tiquet*, tho' he did know them he would not tell, for it is I that am assassinated now. Madam *D'Aunois* told her she ought to get the Porter secur'd, who was lately discharg'd, for the Suspicion fell upon him. As soon as Madam *Tiquet* came Home, she received Advice to save her
her

her self, for that otherwise she would be taken up; this Advice being repeated every Day, without her making any Advantage of, on the Eighth Day a *Theatin* Friar came into her Chamber, telling her she had no Time to lose, for she would be immediately arrested, unless she put on a *Theatin's* Habit which he brought her, and went into a Chair, which waited in the Court for her: The Chairman having Orders to carry her to a Place where a Post-Chaise waited for her also with some Persons, who would convey her safely to *Calais*, from whence they would send her to *England*; but she look'd upon all this as so many Snares laid for her by her Husband, to get rid of her and oblige her to leave her Estate. Thus she refus'd all the *Theatin's* Offers, resolving to stand it. The next Day Madam *de Senonville* went to see her, and when she was going away, Madam *Tiquet* desir'd her to stay, for they were coming in a Moment to seize her, and she should be glad not to be alone among that Rabble, she had hardly spoke these Words when the Lieutenant-Criminal appear'd, follow'd with his Myrmidons. Madam *Tiquet* told him he had no Occasion for such a Company, for she expected him with a steady Mind, and he need not fear, for she would go with him; but desir'd he would secure her Furniture,

so having embrac'd her Son, whom she extremely lov'd, she gave him some Money to divert himself, bidding him have no fear for her, and taking her leave of Madam *Senonville*, she went into the Coach with the Lieutenant Criminal; passing through the Street she saluted a Lady of her Acquaintance, and seem'd no more concern'd than if she was making a Visit; but they say she chang'd Colour when she came near the Prison, where her Process was made soon after. A scoundrel Fellow call'd *Augustus* appear'd against her, and of his own accord declar'd, that Three Years before, she had given him Money to assassinate Monsieur *Tiquet*: The Porter who was discharg'd having manag'd that Affair, which Porter was seiz'd as well as Madam *Tiquet*. *Augustus* was confronted with him, and avowed the Thing, and Madam *Tiquet* was condemn'd to be Beheaded for a Design she form'd Three Years before, without any Proofs of having a Hand in the late Attempt: But there is a Statute call'd *The Statute of Blois*, which makes it Death for a Woman to contrive the Death of her Husband, upon which Madam *Tiquet* was condemn'd, and the Parliament confirm'd the Sentence. Her Husband being cur'd of his Wounds went to *Versailles* with his Son and Daughter to beg his Wive's Pardon of the King, which on

his refusing, he beg'd the Confiscation of her Estate, and thereby as the King said, spoil'd the Merit of his Intercession. Many others beg'd Madam *Tiquet*'s Pardon, but our Archbishop represented to the King, that if he granted it, no Husband could live in Security, and that the great Penitentiary would hear nothing else when apply'd to in reserv'd Cases, but of Women attempting upon their Husband's Lives; all this while Madam *Tiquet* positively deny'd the Fact; she was condemn'd on *Corpus Christi* Eve, but her Execution was deferr'd till the Day after the Feast; she was that Day brought by Five of the Clock in the Morning before the Judges, she asking, what! will this Business never end? She was answer'd by those that brought her, Very soon Madam: Then they carry'd her into the Chamber of the Rack where she found the Lieutenant Criminal, who bid her fall upon her Knees, and ordered the proper Officer to read her Sentence. A Counsellor, and a Friend of mine being present, observ'd Madam *Tiquet*, to see if her Courage would not forsake her at the pronouncing so terrible a Doom; he assur'd me she suffer'd it without Changing her Countenance: When this was done, the Lieutenant Criminal made a pathetick Discourse to her, of the Difference between those Days, during which she had spent her Time

in all Worldlike Pleasures; and this Day filled with Horrors, which was the last of her Life, exhorting her to make the best use of the little Time remained, and prevent her being put to the Torture to which she was condemn'd, by confessing her Crime. Madam *Tiquet* answer'd, without being moved, that she was sensible of the Difference between that Day, and those she had formerly pass'd, since she appear'd before him in the Posture of a Suppliant, and he well knew she had not been always such, adding, That she was so far from looking on that Day which would terminate her Life, with Horror, that she beheld it as that which would put an End to all her Misfortunes, and they should see her mount the Scaffold with the same Firmness she had maintained when they read her Sentence to her, but should never find the Weakness in her to accuse her self of a Crime which she had not committed, to avoid any Torment, whether more or less. The Magistrate still exhorted her not to suffer more than she needs must; but she persisting in her Denials, they put her to the Torture: The second Pot of Water forcing her to say what they pleased, she desired to be releas'd from the Pain. Then they asked her if Monsieur *Mongearge* was not concern'd in the Design to assassinate her Husband?

Husband? She reply'd, Monsieur *Mongearge* was too brave and honest a Man, and that she should have been afraid to lose his Esteem, if she had but communicated such an Enterprize to him. The whole City was attentive to the Event of this Affair, and when it was known it was to terminate at the common Place of Execution, every one hired Windows at such a Rate, that some Houses fetch'd as much Money as they cost Building; besides, abundance of Scaffolds were built, the Town and Court going to see this Spectacle. I was in one of the Windows, and saw poor Madam *Tiquet* arrive at the Place about Five of the Clock, all in white, with her Porter in the same Cart, and the Curate of St. *Sulpice* who sat by her Side, it raining so fast when she came, that they were fain to stay the Execution, and she remained in the Cart 'till the Rain was over, having the Materials of her Death before her Eyes, and a Mourning Coach with her own Horses, which waited for her Body. All this did not fright her; when she ascended the Scaffold, she reach'd out her Hand to the Executioner to help her, and giving it to him, carry'd it to her Mouth, that she might not seem to want Civility. When she was upon the Scaffold, one would have thought she had studied her Part, she kissing the Block, and observing

all the Ceremony, as if she had only been going to act a Play, in short, never was more Firmness and Constancy seen, the Curate of St. *Sulpice* saying she died like a Christian Heroine; the Executioner was so confounded, that he fail'd, and returned Five Times, before he could sever her Head from her Body: Her Body was carry'd to St. *Sulpice's* where her Husband did her all the Honours in his Power, imitating the Duke of *Mazarine*, who could never endure his Wife while she lived, but sent for her Body to *England* at great Expence, to place it in a rich Tomb. 'Tis said that Dutchess dy'd very gallantly, how christianly I know not, and that Monsieur *de St. Evermont* had corrupted her Mind; but this is not what we are upon at present. When this Execution was at *Paris*, Monsieur *Mongearge* being at *Versailles*, walked very melancholly in the Park; In the Evening the King told him, he was glad Madam *Tiquet* had justify'd him in the Opinion of the Publick, assuring him he never suspected him. The poor Lover thank'd him, and beg'd his Permission to leave the Kingdom for Eight Months, to digest his Sorrow, which was granted him; Monsieur *Tiquet* was easily comforted for his Wive's Death, by which he gain'd the Confiscation of her Estate, but he was never valued by any Lady. Madam *Tiquet's* Brother did
every

every Thing imaginable to save her, both before and after her Imprisonment, and might perhaps have succeeded, if she would have done her Part, They say also, if she had resisted the Torture without Confession, the King would have pardoned her; but it was her Destiny that she should be an Example to all Intriguing Ladies. The King was much displeased the Women went to see the Execution, and told several of them so himself. The Crowd was so great that Day, that several People were kill'd, and follow'd Madam *Tiquet* to the other World. Her Porter was hang'd, and 'tis said the unhappy Wretch beg'd his Mistress's Pardon while he was in the Cart, for confessing any Thing through Weakness, that he was accused of, and thereby having contributed to her Death, while she desired his Pardon for providing so bad a Recompence for the Service he had done her. This Dialogue was extream moving. The other Accuser was condemn'd to the Gallies for his free Confession. Thus ended the Beautiful Madam *Tiquet*, who had been the Ornament of *Paris*; and although no great Credit is to be given to Fortune-Tellers, yet all that was told Madam *Tiquet* was fulfill'd, for within the Two Months she was raised to a Scaffold, and by Death deliver'd from all her Troubles. Never any Head was

more lovely than hers: After it was separated from her Body it was left some Time upon the Scaffold for the People to see it; she turned her Face towards the Place where I stood, and I assure you her Beauty astonish'd me; in truth I was so mov'd, that it was above Six Months before I recovered the Impression her Death gave me, and the Idea of it is still afflicting to me; but what would I not do to oblige you? King *James* is newly dead, and the King has own'd his Son King of *Great-Britain*. I know not how King *William* will resent it: They say he has made a new League with the *Dutch*, and tho' the last have acknowledg'd *Philip* King of *Spain*, both the one and the other are going to dethrone him, and set the Arch-duke in his Place, so that according to all Appearance we shall soon see a new War. The Dutchess of *Burgundy* has lately made a Lottery, in which the greatest Lot is Fifty Thousand Livres, and every Ticket a Louis d'Or. Mademoiselle *d'Alcirac* had one which she gave to the Dutchess of *Burgundy*, with these Verses:

*Great Princess! who didst all our Sorrows ease,
And with thee brought the charming Joys of
Peace:*

*Fortune has long at Variance been with me:
O let us now be reconciled by Thee.*

Blind

*Blind as she is we know at thy Command,
She'll bring the Lot to thy Successful Hand.
Thou draw; the glorious Lot shall be my share;
Plenty shall glad my Heart, and Joy succeed
Despair.*

But poor *d'Alcirac* got nothing, tho' that Princess drew for her, for it proved a Blank; I fancy if it had been given to the Prince of *Conti*, the Ticket would have been a Prize, coming thro' his Hands, tho' it were drawn a Blank, or he would have made it so, but every one don't know the Art of giving on proper Occasions. This Lottery has much imploy'd the Dutchess, and she was present at the Bank where the Money was paid; one Day when the Duke of *Burgundy* pass'd that Way, he observ'd a warm Dispute between the Person who receiv'd the Money, and an Officer who took out a Ticket, and would have him write upon it these Words, *For the Five without Devils*; the Receiver refusing to write it, the Duke was offended at the Officer, but he explain'd himself, telling him, We are Five Batchelors concern'd, and having no Wives, we are consequently without Devils, which only occasion'd Laughter; but another displeas'd the Court, a Man would have writ on his Ticket, *If I win the King shall have Rebuff*. The King heard of it, and order'd him to be secur'd and brought before

fore him ; he ask'd what that *Rebuff* he threatn'd him with meant. Sir, said he, if I won I intended to buy a Post in your Majesty's Service, and my Name being *Rebuff*, you would have had *Rebuff* in your Service. This Pun did not please the King, and Mr. *Rebuff* was bid to carry his Pun and his Pistole somewhere else. We live in a Time wherein all Things are suspected. I remember when the Smith of *Salon* was here ; many were of the Opinion that he should not be admitted to see the King, fearing he might have some dangerous Design ; but the Event proved, it was but a Pannick Fear. Monsieur *Rebuff* is not the only Person who desir'd earnestly to serve the King, for there are many People which think their supream Felicity consists in having a Place at Court. To this Purpose, I was told, a Gentleman endeavouring to serve the late Dauphiness, was presented in order to it ; but being refused because he squinted, least such an Object might make some Impression upon her when with Child ; The poor Man consider'd with himself, and ask'd, If a Man that had but one Eye would be admitted ; and hearing there would be no Objection in that Case, he put a Plaister upon his squint Eye, and obtain'd, by being blind of one Eye, what he could not succeed in for squinting with
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the same. I fancy there was something of Whim in this Preference; but however it was, this voluntary Blind Man was overjoy'd with his Success. So we obtain what we desire, we don't value by what Means. One Day being busy'd in his Duty, he perceiv'd his Plaister was falling off, he was forced to wheel to the Right about to stick it faster, and in hast put it upon the other Eye. The Dauphin observing some Difference in his Countenance, ask'd the Dauphiness which Eye her Servant wanted; she told him the Right. Well, said the Dauphin, but now it is the Left. Upon which they examined the Gentleman, who confess'd the Truth, and was pardon'd his Artifice for the sake of his Zeal. *I am, &c.*



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LETTER XXV.
From THOULOUSE.

I Return you, Madam, all the Acknowledgements I ought for your Goodness in sending me the History of Madam *Tiquet*, with the rest you have added to it, which I have received with Pleasure. I have communicated it to our Ladies, who have made the Eccho's of *Freseati* ring with the Dutchess of *Main's* Composures, we hope she will make many more, and that you will have the Kindness to send them. I also wait for the Story of the *Gascone* Marchioness, which you promised me. You tell me of the Smith of *Salon*, as a Thing that I must needs be acquainted with, but you don't remember how long it is since I was at *Paris*, and I am wandring about the World; let me not be ignorant of what happens where you are; above all, when there is any Thing extraordinary or surprizing; that every Word excites my Curiosity, and I beseech you

you to satisfy it; here is nothing worthy yours, yet I will give you an Account of all we have. A Lady of Quality of this Country, yesterday shewed a Scene to the World, which surprized the whole City; she has been contracted Five or Six Years to a Gentleman in the Army, and their Marriage should have been accomplish'd after this Campaign, in which her Lover was kill'd, who loving her tenderly, charg'd a kind of a Dependant, or Servant, to acquaint her with his last Sighs and Fidelity, and to return and give her all her Letters, with some little Presents she had made him: This faithful Domestick acquitted himself of the Commission he had received, and found the Lady in such an Affliction, as may better be imagin'd than describ'd; she exceedingly loved the deceased Lover, who she look'd upon as her Husband, and therefore did not dissemble her Sorrow, which she carry'd so far, as absolutely to forsake the World, and become a Recluse, practising the Severities of that State in her Apartment, which was inaccessible to all but this Servant; there this mournful fair One made him repeat the last Words of her Lover; prithee tell me, poor *la Roche*, said she, what thy dead Master did before he received that fatal Wound which has robbed me of him; did he think of me? Was he impatient to see me?

me? *La Roche* answer'd all her Questions, and exaggerated his Master's Passion, and at last he took it in his Head to add his own Reflections. Ah! Madam, said he, my Master knew how to choose, he had an admirable Judgment. Thus speaking of another's Love, he fell into it himself, while the Lady suspecting nothing, attributed all to his Zeal for his Master; but *la Roche* drew her out of that Error, and seem'd in her Eyes the most passionate Lover. Her Heart which had been used to Tenderness, could not refuse that of *la Roche*, and instead of having him thrown out the Window, as she ought, did that for him which she never did for his Master, acting the Part of the *Ephesian* Matron. She was unhappy enough to see her Crime accompany'd with shameful Consequences, which continually recalled the Memory of it to her. Abhorring her Guilt, and desiring to hide it from the Knowledge of the World, she intrusted the Secret with a Capuchin, who together with her Woman, undertook to preserve her Reputation. They began with giving *la Roche* Money, and desiring him to return to the Army. When her Time was expired, the Capuchin came and received a new-born little Boy, whom he carry'd to his Convent, and gave it to a Nurse, who staid there for it in the Church, and had no more
to

to do but to receive her Allowance, without being informed whence the Child came; the Friar having Baptised it first of all: Measures were so well taken, that there was never the least Suspicion: Her good Management having much contributed to preserve her Reputation; for she had so deep a Sorrow for having forgot her self to such a Degree, that she devoted her Time to the Service of the Poor; her Confessor not thinking it fit she should go into a Religious House, she continued at Home in a plain Dress, imploy'd in Works of Charity, without hearing any Proposal of Marriage, tho' she was offered very fair Ones. This Five Years she has lived this kind of Life, but it grew impossible for her to support longer the Insolence of her Woman, who abusing the Trust reposed in her, lost all manner of respect to her Mistress, but with a Soul as mean as her Birth, frequently reproach'd her with her Miscarriage, pretending to make her self feared, and to reveal the Secret, carrying her Impudence so far, as to reduce the poor Lady to Despair and Distraction, to be rid of which she open'd her Window, and cry'd allow'd to some Passengers, Gentlemen, I confess I have had a Child by *la Roche*, and such a Capuchin has taken Care of it this Five Years. This Confession astonish'd those that heard it, concluding

cluding she had lost her Wits; she told the same to her Relations in cold Blood, and that she resolv'd to marry *la Roche*, who she was informed was a Gentleman; a Courier was sent to *Perpignan*, where he quartered, and there is no doubt but he will be soon here, the Lady being Rich and able to make his Fortune, she has turn'd off her Woman, and this Adventure is the present Subject of all our Conversations. I was told another to the same Purpose: When the King travell'd thorough this Country, a Lady which attended the Court was brought to Bed in a little Town of *Roussillon*, and left the Child with a Peasant, to whom she gave a considerable Sum of Money, to breed it as his own, 'till such Time as it should be call'd for. The Agreement being made, the Lady continu'd her Journey without the Occasion of her Stay in that Town's being known, where she took care not to tell who she was. The Peasant honestly discharged his Trust, it was a Girl, which pass'd for his own, and he bred her like a real Peasant's Daughter: Twenty Years were pass'd without any Inquiry for her, the pretended Father thinking no more of the Hopes which were given him, marry'd her to a young Carpenter, who fell in Love with her; but a little while after their Wedding, the *Mareschal de Noailles*, who commanded

manded in *Rouffillon*, sent an Order to the Peasant to come to him; he enquir'd for the Child which was deliver'd to him at the Time I have mention'd. The honest Man told him, That having bred her as his own, he had disposed of her in Marriage as such, not being able to procure her a better Fortune. Monsieur *de Noailles* ask'd to see her, and told her he was oblig'd to carry her to *Paris*, where she should receive a Hundred Thousand Francs which her Mother, whom they would not discover, had left her when she dy'd, in the Hands of her Confessor, to marry her. He added, That the Peasant not being her Father, had no Right to dispose of her, and therefore the Marriage might easily be annull'd, which was the only Way to put her in a Condition to possess the Estate her Mother had left her; but the young Woman when she had heard him, with a steady Temper said, She would not forsake her Husband for all the Riches in the World. Then the Husband was call'd, to try if a Sum of Money would make him more tractable, and perswade him to give up his Wife; but he said, They should sooner take his Life from him. This Scene was as tender as could be acted, they both solemnly protesting nothing in the World should separate them. At length the Husband told Monsieur *de Noailles*, who already begun

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to be mov'd with such a tender Passion, That if the Money would be paid him he was ready to go to *Paris*, and that he knew as well as another how to act the Gentleman, and so did his Wife the Madam, for he had heard say in that Place there were Marquis's who were no better than himself, and perhaps not so honest : The Wife back'd her Husband's Reasons, and Monsieur *de Noailles* acquiesc'd. They were both put into a handsome Dress, and had Money given them for their Journey. The faithful Peasant had a good Reward. A Bill was delivered them, for the 100000 Francs, which they say they make very good use of. There is great guessing who the Mother of the young Woman was, but they are meer Conjectures without Certainty ; all that we can depend upon is, she was Rich, but it is wonderful, that for 20 Years together she should forget her Daughter, and her Maternal Tenderness not awake 'till her Death, and then it may be by her Confessors Exhortations. This is Fact as it happen'd the last War. Monsieur *D'Opede*, who is President of the Parliament of *Provence*, is come hither, who acquainted me with Madam *D'Arnaux's* Death, heretofore call'd Madam *du Rbut*, which is not less astonishing than her Life ; she her self prepar'd the Solemnity of her Funeral, hung her House with Mourning,

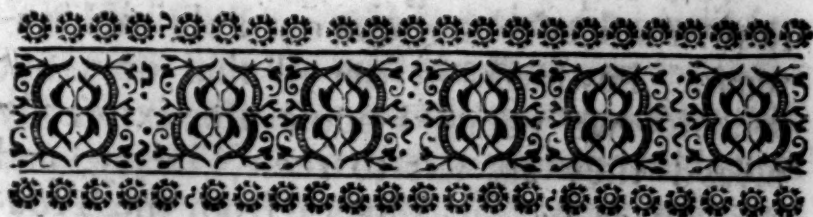
ing, and caus'd Masses to be said for her Soul beforehand, without any Appearance of Indisposition; when all was done, and she had given the Orders necessary to spare her Husband the Cares which must have lain upon him without this Foresight; she dy'd the Day and Hour she had prefix'd, and left him in a Sorrow not to be express'd: He believes her a Saint, and invokes her as such, tho' in all other Matters Monsieur *D'Arnaux* is a Man of Understanding; but the Weakness he had for a Wife of Seventy Years old, who might more than have been his Mother, is something so surprizing, that we know not what to think of it. Her Enemies continue saying she was a Sorceress, and pretend to prove it by all the extraordinary Events in her Life and Death; her Husband will have her a Saint: I only relate what has happen'd, and which is attested by all the Country, without giving my Opinion one way or t'other. As I had already sent you the History of her Life, I thought you should not be ignorant of her Death, because they say the End crowns the Work. All the News from *Spain* says, the King is much beloved, and waits his Queen's Arrival with great Impatience; she is now upon her Journey, and they say she is very Handsome. Observe if you please, that the Duke of *Savoy* understands how to marry his Daughters; we see Two

admirably dispos'd of : I am of your Opinion, that all this will not pass without Blows ; it is said *Leopold* murmurs, and that some Mischief is brewing towards the North ; but as you are nearer the News than I am, I hope you will have the Goodness to impart it to me.

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LETTER XXVI.

From P A R I S.

I Am very glad, Madam, my last Letter has diverted you ; since the Dutcheſs *de Main's* Songs ſo much pleaſe you, I have ſent you one ſhe has newly made on the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Burgundy's* having Liberty to uſe the Priviledges of Marriage.

*Ye Frenchmen all and ſome Rejoice,
Sing all aloud, and raiſe your Voice,
That we the Labours bleſſ'd may ſee,
Of my Lord Duke of Burgundy,
For he is young, and ſo is ſhe,
Bleſſ'd be the Work of Burgundy !
Right glad will be the Grand Papa,
How will he ſkip, and cry, ha, ha ?
When he the labour'd Fruit ſhall ſee,
Of my Lord Duke of Burgundy.*

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This

This is the Song at present in Vogue, tho' Monsieur D'Argençon our Political Lieutenant, has forbid it, but all that does not hinder, our young Couple are extreamly pleas'd they are left to their Liberty, and Madam *de Lude* is deliver'd from the Trouble of watching their Conduct, which was no easie Matter; 'tis said her Vigilance has caused her to have but an indifferent Part in the Esteem of this young Princess, of which she gives her Items on Occasion: Madam *de Lude* desir'd her to receive the new Bishop of *Mets*, who is her Relation, with some Marks of Kindness; as soon as she saw him coming into her Chamber, this Princess sung to him;

——— *Monsieur Abbot,*
Tour Shoes have a Spot, &c.

And when one of her Ladies complain'd of it, she said one could not receive a Man more favourably than by singing him a Song. Sometimes in the Night a Frolick will take her to walk in the Park, then must poor Madam *de Lude* rise and run after her, but I hope now she will let her Sleep. The Dutches of *Burgundy* is exceeding lively, and one of her Talents is, she can perfectly mimick whom she pleases; not long since the King diverted himself in Madam *Main-tenon's*

tenon's Apartment, with making her mimick all the Court; and she spared none, not even the Duke her Husband, and hit his Mein exactly, at which he was not well pleas'd, so that in the Evening, instead of going to her Apartment he went into another. Believing it was a Mistake, one of his Gentleman told him he went the wrong Way; but he answer'd he knew what he did, adding, Go tell the Dutchess of *Burgundy* I am not pleas'd with her, and that as to the Defects of the Mind, she will do me a Pleasure to point them out to me that I may mend them; but as to those of the Body, there is no Wit in exposing them. No Body can deny but his Sentiments were true, and the Duke look'd very gruff upon this Action, which might have prejudic'd their new Commerce, but the King pacify'd all, for he extreamly loves the little Princess, and has all imaginable Complacency for her. He has given her the Managerie at *Trianon*, where she diverts her self with milking the Cows, and makes Butter, which is served at the King's Table, and he says is excellent, which to eat is the Way to make ones Court: She her self knows how to do it as well as any Body, having fix'd her self to *Madam de Maintenon*, which is the sure Way to please the King, and never fails. It is most true, *Madam de Maintenon's*

Accomplishments are so polite and engaging, that they alone are sufficient to make her Happy, independant of her Greatness. The King asking her Opinion of the Opera's, she gave it in Favour of *Atis*. Madam said the King Gallantly, *Atis* is too Happy : notwithstanding these Words were taken from the Opera itself, the Application hath its Merit. Women here Paint so outrageously, that were those Faces naturally so enflam'd as they now make them, I am confident they would employ all the Art of Physick to be cured of such a Redness ; here has lately appear'd a Person who can borrow nothing from Art, come from a Corner of the Country, to efface all the Beauties in *Paris*, it is the fair *Coulon*, call'd also the Beauty of *Vienne* ; she is so wondrously follow'd, that the poor Lady, is out of Countenance, and is fain to forsake the *Tuilleries* ; she takes Refuge in the Gardens of *Luxembourg* in vain, for as soon as it is known she is there, the *Tuilleries* are abandon'd. This high Reputation of Beauty, makes her the Hatred and Envy of the Women ; they have made Satyrs on her, which were spread at the Comedies and Opera's, where they were baul'd out, *Four Sous for the Beauty of Vienne* ; but all this hindred not the Marquis *de Martel*, who was passionately in Love, from marrying her ; but the poor young
Creature

Creature was never the better, for he forsook her the next Day after the Wedding; it is not known whether it was from Calumny, or the Effect of his natural Inconstancy; whatever was the Occasion, she is at present in a Religious House in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, where her unworthy Husband pays a very indifferent Price for her Entertainment; see here a most wretched Destiny. All good People are afflicted for it, others rejoice; how dreadful a Thing is the Jealousie of Women with Relation to Beauty? The lovely *Coulon* is made a Victim to it; she had better have staid in *Dauphiné*, than have come hither to excite so much Envy; she was acknowledg'd a Beauty both in Court and City, which is a Crime the Women never pardon, and as you see escapes not unpunish'd; the *Gasconne* Marchioness whom I mention'd to you, has not given us any Scene of this Nature; she is less troubl'd how to please, than with a Passion for Play, to which she has abandon'd herself; she first perswaded the Marquis *de* — her Husband, that Play was the only Way advantageously to gain Admission to Court: She insinuated her self at the Palace Royal, plaid at *Lansquenet* with Madam, at *Ombre* with Monsieur, and follow'd her Affairs so well, that in a short Time she intirely ruin'd her Husband's, who then repented

pented of his bringing her hither ; he forbid her playing, but she was incorrigible, it was to no purpose, he swore he would not pay her Debts ; she plaid upon her Word, and lost Fourteen Thousand Francs for the Honour of her Country, and the Airs of the *Gasconne* ; she play'd high, however the Money must be paid in Four and Twenty Hours ; she dared not speak of it to her Husband, and the Time was already laps'd, having try'd before what was in her Friends Pockets ; in vain she runs to the *Palais Royal*, to Monsieur *Chatillon's* Apartment. Monsieur, said she to him, I know not what to do if you will not take Pity on me ; in God's Name grant me the Favour I beg of you. I dare not look on my Husband, do for me as you would in such a Case do for Madam *Chatillon*. Madam, said Monsieur *Chatillon*, interrupting her, it is Midnight, and all that I could do for my Wife wou'd be to give her part of my Bed, and it is all I can offer you at this Time of Night. The Marquess went her way much discontented, imploying the rest of the Night to find Expedients for the next Morning. When she went to Madam *Voisins*, who is an exceeding charitable Woman, but something distrustful, she would not tell her Name, but ask'd to speak with her in private. They told Madam *Voisin* she was a very large Woman

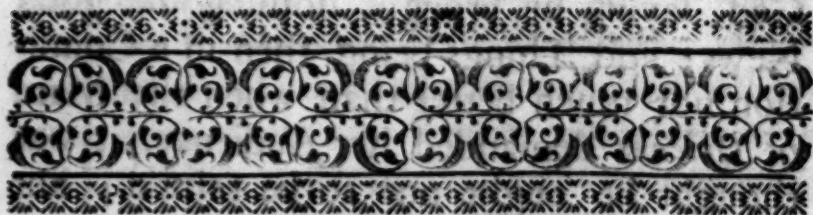
man, and the devout Lady fear'd it might be a Man in Woman's Cloaths come to rob her. In this Apprehension she order'd her Maids to be near her to guard her. The Marchioness entred with great Modesty, and after some insignificant Motions to signify she would speak with her in private, she said, Madam, you see a Woman of Quality, who has been ill treated by *Lansquenet*, and is come to implore your Assistance. Madam, reply'd the Devotee, I have not the Honour to be acquainted with Monsieur *Lansquenet*, so that I can do you no Service in any Wrong he has done you, nor do I ever concern my self in *Don Quixot's* Profession, I cannot redress Injuries, you are misinform'd; and thus saying, she conducted the Marchioness to the Door, who was constrain'd to go her way, after her fine Embassy, Madam *Voisin's* Servants following her 'till they got her Name, which they knowing, all *Paris* was soon inform'd of it; but the poor Marchioness being laugh'd at, took her Bed, and sent for her Confessor, who finding her in Despair, undertook to tell this sad Story to the Marquis, and he being mov'd by being told her Life was in Danger, and assur'd of her Repentance, like a good Man forgave all, and sold some Land to pay her Debts, upon Condition she should never play more. This is what you desir'd
to

to know, and what your Country, who as you have observ'd love to be merry at other People's Cost, will be glad to hear. As to the Smith or Farrier of *Salon*, I suppose you may have heard of him at *Avignon*, for I don't believe you had left it, when he came hither. *Salon* is you know the Country of the famous *Noſtredamus*, and there it was that Six Months before the last Peace, a Voice call'd to this Smith in the Night, which commanded him with grievous Threatnings to go immediately to the King, and acquaint him with such Things as should be reveal'd to him when he came upon the Place, and bid him go to the Intendant of the Province, and acquaint him with his Journey, and ask him for Money for his Expence. The Smith obey'd the Voice, going in the Morning to the Intendant, who laugh'd at him for a Fool or a mad Man; but the Voice came again the second and third Time, with such horrible Threats, that the poor Smith being affrighted, tho' able to get nothing from the Intendant, sold all he had, and begins his Journey with great Confidence. In the last Days Travel the Voice gave him his Instructions; he was commanded to ask to speak to the King, which was refus'd him, and some fear'd it might be dangerous; but the poor Man was not discourag'd, still asking to
speak

speak with the King, having something from
 God, saying he brought nothing but good
 News; and Things being then in a Condi-
 tion not much better than when the Maid
 of *Orleans* demanded her Audience, it was
 thought he ought not to be refus'd; but
 whatever he said was kept so secret, that no-
 thing of it is known; what is certain is, when
 the King went to Mass, this new Prophet
 stood in his Way, the Mareschal *de Duras*
 said, If that Man is not mad, then I am no
 Man. The King, who heard him, turn'd
 about, and answer'd, The Man is not mad,
 but speaks very good Sense, and is a wise
 Man. This is all I know; many have guess'd
 at the Matter in vain, for it is thought fit to
 keep us entirely in the Dark on that Head. I
 fancy we shall have another War yet, the
Dutch having made but scurvy Complements
 to the Count *de Briere* our Embassador. The
 King has sent Monsieur *D'Avaux* in his stead
 to sweeten them, but he has not succeeded.
 Methinks Affairs begin to be perplex'd. We
 shall see how they will end.

I am ever, &c.

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LETTER XXVII.

From *THOULOUSE.*

YOU have sent me most entertaining Things; I should be glad, Madam, if I could make you a Return, but the Season is sterile; our only Talk is concerning the Trial of the Curate of *Blaignac*, which has something diverted us. This poor Priest was accused of being a Conjuror, and forced to the severe Trial our Law appoints; after several Times being tortured, he was stripp'd naked before the whole Parliament, who were assembled at the Desire of his Accusers; he was narrowly search'd to find what they call the *Devil's Mark*; at first they imagin'd they had found what they sought for, thrusting a Needle far into his Flesh in every black Mole they met with, but the poor Priest roared out, and shewed them their Mistake, yet, to his Misfortune,

Misfortune, having many such Marks, they tried more to his repeated Torment: After all, they declared him innocent, and sent him to his Cure at *Blaignac*. This august Assembly might have spared themselves this ridiculous Procedure, had they conformed to the Maxims of our *Parisian* Parliament; but these Gentlemen think they are wise enough themselves, and scorn to take any Measures from others. There is a Discourse of a Case coming before them which hath been tried in several Courts, ours trying and determining without Appeal: I know not whether you have heard of it at *Paris*; but however the Case seeming extraordinary, I give you the following Account of it. A Nun falling in Love with a Gentleman, who had entertained her upon that Subject at the Grate of the Monastery, resolved to escape over the Walls of the Convent to come to him; they say Love is violent under the Veil as well as under the Cowle, which made the young Nun try all ways imaginable to get her Liberty, and acquainted her Lover with her Purpose, who thought there was great Difficulty in it; but what cannot Love overcome? As you will perceive by what it taught this Recluse. She appointed her Lover to attend her the following Night in a Place she shewed him, without trou-
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ling

ling himself with any Thing further, than to provide good Horses for their Flight, telling him she had provided all other Things for their Escape, and conceal'd the Knowledge of it from the whole World, desiring him not to enquire the Means she made use of, and to think only of what was necessary for their Journey; after which she left him to put her Design in practice. Behold what she did! and the Boldness of the Undertaking! that Day one of her Companions was buried, whose Grave was not quite covered, she got into it when all were asleep in the Convent, and carried her dead Body into her own Cell, laying it upon her Bed, and then setting it on Fire, she made her escape with a Ladder, and threw her self into her Lover's Arms, who impatiently waited for her: They made haste from thence, and not being pursued, their Journey proved happy; for the Fire having alarmed the Convent, all the Nuns run toward the Cell which was burning, the young Nun being in her Cloaths, and half consumed, they made no doubt but the Fugitive Sister became a Victim to the Flames, the poor Creatures bemoaning her Fate, and saying their Prayers for her Soul, while she perhaps was employed in less sorrowful Thoughts; by this Contrivance their Escape was secured, and saved both their Honour
I and

and Reputation. As soon as they came into a Place of Safety they married, but under other Names; the Husband fell into Trade, by which he grew very Rich, and had several Children, who might have been so too, if their Mother had not exposed them to be ruin'd by a Suit, which is the present Case before the Parliament: This Woman lost her beloved Husband, and was so afflicted, that she resolved to dye to the World, and retire into a Monastery, where her Repentance for her former Conduct made her own it in Confession, which her Children would have been glad she had spared; for having own'd that she had been a Nun they were declared Bastards, and consequently incapable of succeeding to their Father's Estate, while his Relations are demanding their Right to it, which must be tried before this Parliament: We shall know the Issue of this Business after the Vacation; for now every Body is preparing for the Country, and our *Thoulousian* Ladies, who form themselves in all Things after the Court, would by no Means stay in this City when the Court is at *Fountainbleau*, which is a Rule as strict here as the receiving no Visits on Post Days, lest it should be thought they were not Persons of considerable Correspondence. Every Body goes now to their Estates, and those who have none, to their Friends; from the
F greatest

greatest to the Cobler, all leave the City. The common Questions being, Where will you pass the Vacation this Year? I have been ask'd the same Question already, and I am willing to be in the Fashion, but will not go to the Places where I am invited. I am resolved to pass the Vacation, as they call it, at *Bagnieres*; and have made a Pretence of a Rheumatism, which you know formerly I was somewhat troubled with; they divert themselves, and live with a great deal of Pleasure there, the Baths bringing People from all Parts, which Mixture must afford Variety: And if I meet with all the Pleasure promised me, you shall have an Account: It is very likely I shall, so many People coming only for their Diversion. I saw a Gentleman who every Year brings his whole little Stock; it is Monsieur R—— whose Character is something particular; he is lame; his Father pretending Skill in the Cure of Horses, by the Study of a Book called, *The Compleat Farrier*, cauterized his Son's Legs, as they do an Horse, for a small Ailment, and made him lame as he is, which is less Damage to him than his Love of Play, which he carries so far, and with so much ridiculous Honour, that having won a Hundred thousand Crowns one Night, the Duke of *Roquelaure*, his Father's Friend, hoping by this Means to save a Stake for him, prayed

prayed him to lend him Twenty thousand Crowns; he told him he was too honest a Man to sharp at Play, but having won a Hundred thousand Crowns he ought to lose them again, and effectually did so that Night, to a single Louis d'Or, which he offered the Chairmen, who carried him, to throw him into the River, but they thought not convenient to do it; and Monsieur R — returned Home with the Glory of losing so large a Sum. The Duke of *Roquelaure* is perfectly well known here, having made many Journies to *Bagnieres*, where I heard a great many Stories of him from a young Lady, all very pleasant. He visited almost all the Ladies in this Country, but forgetting one, who thought her self as worthy of his Respect as any Body, she look'd upon it as an Affront, and ever thought the rest might take some Advantage from it; wherefore she desired one of her Friends to bring the Duke to her House, who acquitted himself of that Commission; but whether he did not time it right, or her Stars had some Influence; Monsieur *de Roquelaure* finding himself forced to a Visit, protested he would not speak a Word: The Friend thought he cou'd not be so rude, and so let the Lady know the Time; she took Care to have store of Company, that she might have Witnesses enow of the Honour that was

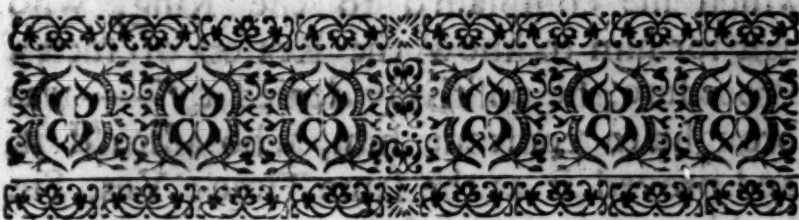
done her, which she had no Reason to applaud her self for ; he came as he promised, but it was to squat down in a Chair, where he never opened his Mouth. This Proceeding put the whole Company out of Countenance, and the affronted Lady was ready to burst with Vexation, when her pretty little Daughter fully revenged her ; vex'd with so long Silence she started up, and drawing near the Duke, she cry'd out aloud, O, my God ! Mamma, Monsieur *Roquelaure* is dead ; this startling the Company, they ask'd the Girl what she meant ? O yes he is, don't you perceive he stinks, and speaks not a Word ? Is he not so as they say we shall be when we are dead ? Monsieur *Roquelaure* fled without saying any thing, and left the Company to laugh at his Cost. I confess to you the Vivacity of the People in this Country charms me. I was also told, that a *Gascoign* Gentleman assuming to himself the Title of Marquess at the Court of the Dutchess of *Savoy*, she ask'd him in Scorn, where his Marquisate lay ; Madam, replied the *Gascoign*, in your Kingdom of *Cyprus* : This Answer was very bold, but some things are allowed for their Wit and Invention. I don't believe any People on the Earth are quicker at Repartee than the *Gascoigns*. They tell me further, an Officer of this Country, having obtain'd

obtain'd a Gratification from the King of Five hundred Crowns, went to Monsieur *Colbert*, who was then living, to receive that Sum; he was at Dinner with several Lords; the *Gascoign*, without Invitation, went into the Room, where they were dining, with the Boldness, which the Air of the *Gascoign* inspires, and with an Accent which did not bely his Country, he approach'd the Table, and aloud said, Gentlemen, with your Permission, which of you is Monsieur *Colbert*: I am he, Sir, said Monsieur *Colbert*, what have you to say to me? Ah, no great Matter, cry'd the other, no great Matter, only a small Order from the King, to pay me Five hundred Crowns. Monsieur *Colbert*, who had a Mind to divert himself, desired the *Gascoign* to sit down at Table, and calling for a Plate and Napkin told him he would dispatch his Affair after Dinner; he, without further Ceremony, accepted the Invitation, and fed like a Horse. After they had dined, Mr. *Colbert* ordered one of his Officers to carry him to the Pay-Table, where they gave him One hundred Louis d'Ors; and when he said he ought to receive a Hundred and fifty; that's true, answered the Clerk, but there's Fifty stop'd for your Dinner: What, cry'd the *Gascoign*, Fifty Pistoles for a Dinner? I pay but Twenty Sous at my Ordinary; I believe it, replied

the other, but then you don't dine with Monsieur *Colbert*, and it is for that Honour you must pay; very well then, said he, keep the Whole; 'tis not worth my while to take a Hundred Pistoles; To-morrow I will bring a Friend to dine here, and then we may eat it all out; they told this to Monsieur *Colbert*, who admired this *Gascoinade*, and ordered the poor Man to be paid his Money, who perhaps had no more in the World, and also did him many good Offices afterwards, being pleased with his Wit. The King was told the Story, and it was agreed on all Hands, that none but a *Gascoigne* was capable of such a Thing. Farewel; write to me to *Bagnieres*, and pick up all the News you can; for I fancy it will be very acceptable at those Baths; let me have some thing to tell as well as the rest, and I will be even with you by sending you what happens in that Country.



LETTER



LETTER XXVIII.

From *PARIS*.



With you, Madam, as much Pleasure at *Bagnieres* as I took in reading your Letter ; both your News and your Manner of Writing, has something so engaging, that I cannot but wish your Letters were longer, and that you writ to me oftner. I have already heard something of your Nun, but should hardly have believed it, if you had not certified the Circumstances of it ; I perceive also by what you say, there is Reason to applaud the Vivacity of the *Gascoigns*. I am in Love with the little Girl, who was so smart upon the Duke of *Roquelaure* ; but it is not only in *Gascony* he has met with his Match, he was put quite out of Countenance at the Dauphiness's Apartment ; the Duke of *F* — told that Princess he had seen Monsieur *Roquelaure*

show his Ware to her Maids of Honour, of which she complain'd to the King, who sent for him to know the Reason of such a Procedure; he positively denied it, *F* — was brought to confront him, who affirm'd it, and proved it at the same Time: Yes, Sir, said he, to the King, I saw him showing his Ware to the Maids of Honour, for he shew'd them his Horns: This Affair, which at first was look'd upon as no jesting Matter, ended comically, and *Roquelaure* was the only Person did not laugh at it; but the Dauphiness was displeased at the Liberty *F* — had taken of imposing upon her, she being of a serious Humour, and does not care that too much Familiarity should be taken with her. The Bishop of — said a Thing pleasant enough to him at the King's Supper; you know that Bishop has a great Nose, and that of *Roquelaure's* is a very flat one; the Duke intending to be witty upon the Bishop, desired him to turn his Nose out of the way that he might see the King; the Bishop cry'd out, Good God! why would you Quarrel with my Nose; do you think it was made out of what ought to have gone to your's? This was thought a home Answer; and I suppose you and your *Tboulousian* Ladies, knowing both the Persons, will like it too. You ask me for News; the Dauphin not long since had a kind of an Appoplexy; others

others say it was but an Indigestion ; let it be what it will, he was for some time without the least Sense, and his Life was much feared : This Accident fell out about Midnight, when he was rising from Prayers ; there was no Body in his Chamber but a Servant, who took Care of his Dogs, and it was he that saved his Life ; finding the Prince almost choak'd, he open'd his Teeth with his Knife, and immediately he vomited abundance ; and they say that without this sudden Help he had died ; the poor Fellow took care to keep his Mouth open, though he hurt him a little ; he called for Help, and the whole Court were soon ready, the King was waked, and came frighted to see his Son ; he called him tenderly several Times, and it was observed he had never been heard to say, *My Son*, to him, but then and at *Seaux*, when he took his Leave of the King of *Spain* ; but at length he came to himself, and was let Blood over and over that Night, and the next Morning was quite out of Danger. This Accident has shewn him how much he is beloved, you cannot imagine what an Alarm it occasion'd here ; they run in Crowds to *Versailles* to enquire of his Health ; the very Fish-Wives shewed their Zeal on this Occasion. This Body, so formidable in the Time of the Minority made it self again celebrated ; for as soon

as they heard of the Dauphin's Sickness, they chose four out of their Troop to go to *Versailles*, and Compliment him upon the Recovery of his Health: These Ambassadors of the Fish-Market, presented themselves before the Door of the Dauphin's Apartment, but were not permitted to enter it, and so returned in great Discontent: In the Evening, when they told the King of the Concourse which came that Day, not forgetting the Fish-Wives; his Majesty said they were in the wrong not to admit them, and that their Zeal merited Access to the Dauphin; they heard next Morning what the King had said; they held a Council, and the four Excellencies were deputed with greater Formality: As soon as they arrived, and presented themselves before the Dauphin's Chamber, they were introduced with Ceremony into it; and the King being acquainted with their Arrival, came to hear their Harangue, found them all upon their Knees before the Dauphin, some kissing his Feet, and others the Hem of his Gown, for he was not dress'd; that Prince suffered them patiently, but feared, through an Excess of Tenderness, they would kiss his Face, but escaped happily with the Fear only; while the rest were busy kissing his Feet, one of them cryed elegantly, What would have become of us,
if

if our dear Dauphin had died: in him we had lost every Thing: Alas! said another, you are in the right; we had lost every Thing; for our good King would have died for Grief; he could not out-live his Son. This Woman's Politicks was much admired for helping out her Companion, least the King should be jealous of the Affection they bore his Son: His Majesty ordered one of his Coaches to carry them to see all that was worth seeing at *Versailles*; then they desired to go to *Vespers* in the Chapel, and were all four plac'd in the Dutchesse's Seats, the Dauphin gave them Twenty Louis d'Ors, and the King as many more: They being fill'd with Riches and Honours, the King's Coach carried them to *Paris*, driving thro' the Streets, with the State and slow Motion of an Ambassador; they were set down at the Fish-Market, where they gave an Account to the whole Body, of the happy Success of their Commission; they every one were attended to their Houses, and the next Morning held an Assembly, to consider what they should do with the Forty Louis d'Ors which was given them, and concluded to have a *Te Deum* sung for the Dauphin's Recovery, which was perform'd in St. *Eustace's* Church, the Curate allowing them as much Musick for their Money as it came to. Monsieur, and a good Part of the
the

the Court assisted at the Ceremony, and the Ambassy of the Fish-Wives was much talk'd of here. The Dauphin's Health is perfectly restored, and they say this sudden Attack of it has made him think of his Conscience ; and that he has promised his Confessor absolutely to forsake his Mistress, *la Raisin*, by whom he acknowledged he has had two Children : I know not whether these good Resolutions will continue, or when the Danger's pass'd, the Saint may not be forgotten. I was Yesterday to see the Countess *d'Estrades*, who has newly lain in ; there was a great deal of Company, and among others the Lieutenant-Colonel of her Husband's Regiment : The Conversation turn'd upon Gallantry, and the Question was ask'd, whether a Coquette, who only sought to please, yet by her manner gave Occasion to suspect something more ; or she who by an exterior Modesty usurped a false Reputation of Virtue, which she did not deserve, was to be prefer'd ? Many fine Things were said of one side and t'other ; but in Conclusion it was agreed, that in all Cases, according to *Bussy*, Appearances ought always to be preserved ; upon which I shew'd your Letter of the *Gascoign* Lady, who in Despair accused herself of what she could never have been suspected. All the Company agreed there were Woman that could perfectly

perfectly hide their Faults ; and you see there a Gentleman, said a Lady, who can tell you more of this Matter : Come, said she, *Monsieur de la Bouchardiere* tell us your Story, it will be a Parallel to what this Lady has shown us. The Gentleman, who by the Termination of his Name, should be a *Poicterin*, but of whatever Country, he seem'd a good sort of a Man, made no more Ceremony, but told us he had in his own Country been in Love with a Lady, who was both beautiful and rich, but she did not think fit to make a Return to his Passion ; he had a Sister her intimate Friend, who did all in her Power to serve him, but nothing could move the Heart of his ungrateful Mistress : Several Years pass'd, said he, yet neither my Love nor Sincerity, tho' so rare in this Age we live in, met with any Recompence ; but at last, when all my Hopes were gone, and I ready to hang myself, I received a Letter from my Sister, to come away Post, and make my Advantage of the favourable Disposition my Mistress had then for me, and that I should make the greatest Speed, tho' I could obtain Permission but for a Week, since my Mistress was resolved to marry me, and consented I should leave her the next Day, if my Affairs would suffer me to stay no longer, but that he must not delay coming, for
Reasons

78 L E T T E R XXVIII.

Reasons I should know in time convenient. I received this Letter at *Nismes*, when we were dragooning the Protestants, and was so charmed at the News which I could not expect, that I verily believe, if Monsieur *de Barbefieres*, who was then my Colonel, had refused me his Licence, I should have ventured all I had, and come away at the Peril of being broke; but he granted it me very obligingly, and I begun my Journey with all the Impatience, which those who are in such a Case may imagine; the Post never rid fast enough, and I almost kill'd the Horses, without allowing my self Time to eat or sleep: You may guess riding at this Rate, I soon came to my fair Mistress, I found her extreamly obliging, and excusing herself for her past Coldness, telling me her Time of loving was not then come, but she had ever esteemed me, and was compelled to do Justice to my Merit, and nothing remained but to be immediately married, that her Relations, who were then absent, might bring no Obstacle to our Union, and to prevent the Rumour of it, before it was discours'd of. Her Reasons seem'd to me very just, and she might rely upon my Passion to hasten the Accomplishment; I lost not a Moment's Time, I shew'd her my Orders to repair immediately to my Duty, and she in my Favour pass'd over

over all Ceremonies, and I was dispensed with all the usual Delays : At last the long-desired Day come, when I was to be made amends for all the Rigours my Mistress had made me endure, and which I thought would prove the Crown of my Constancy ; never Man expected a Night with more Impatience ; we went to Supper, and I just arrived at the Height of my Happiness, when I was thrown from it, by an Accident which gave me the most dreadful Alarms ; for we had scarce supped but my new Bride was seized with a most violent Cholick, and we thought she would expire in a few Minutes ; all the Company were busied in assisting her, some warmed Napkins, others rubbed her with *Hungary Water* : And for my Part, I was so confounded I knew not what to do, so that if they gave me any Thing to carry her, I let it fall ; I threw the Napkins in the Fire instead of warming them ; I tore my Hair, and cried out as loud as my Fair One, 'till a third Noise came as an Eccho to all ours, which was a fine Boy my new Spouse had brought into the World, to the Astonishment of all the By-standers ; every one look'd upon the other without speaking, and they might all have been taken for so many Statues ; the Sight of the Child having produced the same Effect, as that of *Medusa* had done formerly : But at length

length they recovered their Surprize, putting the Lady to Bed, and giving both the Infant and her all the Assistance necessary. Many People did me the Honour to believe I was Father of the Child, and that my Mistress's Severities were but a Feint to amuse the World: This Suspicion was not without Appearance of Truth, but I myself knew better what to think of it. And my greatest Difficulty was to discover my Rival, of whom I never had any Apprehension; while I was musing on this, my Confusion and Passion drove me to violent Resolutions. The Lady, forced by the Remorse of her Conscience, caused me to be called to her; and after having beg'd my Pardon, told me ingenuously she had ever esteemed my Desert, and had made me happy, if her Heart had not been engaged in another Place before I address'd to her; that none having doubted any Thing by the Care she had taken to conceal her Engagement, she had supported the Character of Virtue, so that none ever dared attack her Reputation; but at last her Lover being killed, she preferred me to all who had solicited her, hoping I would pardon what was past, before my Lease of her Life began, which she designed to repair in some Measure by her future Tenderness and inviolable Fidelity; that the Measures she had taken

taken thereupon seem'd just to her ; that as she knew I could not stay with her, she had designed to go immediately, after my leaving her, into the Country, under the Colour of hiding her Tears for my Absence, and to have been there brought to Bed *incognito*, having before-hand prepared all Things necessary, and engaged Persons, of whose keeping her Secret she was well assured, but found she was deceived in her Reckoning ; though after the Scene which had happened, she did believe me a Man of a Temper not to live with her, and that her Design now was to hide her Shame in a Convent, and to give me all her Fortune. Thus far, said Monsieur *de la Bouchardiere* to us, I gave her all my Attention, but interrupting her here, I told her she might dispose of her Person and Estate how she pleased, for I had no Pretensions to either : After which, making a low Bow, I took Post again to return to my Regiment, which I found employ'd in their Mission, and foreseeing I should be soundly rallied, I begun first my self, by telling my Adventure to all my Comrades : And I tell it you, Madam, said he, addressing himself to me, as you have heard. We all agreed he had taken the best Course in this Affair, and I thanked him for the Relation he had favoured us

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with. Every one made their Reflection upon it ; and I found some thing so pleasant in the Story, that I thought it deserved to be given you, hoping you will give me some Account of what you meet at *Bagnieres*, where I wish you much Pleasure ; and I will return what I find at *Fontainebleau*, whither I am going ; where, as in all Places, I shall be, &c.


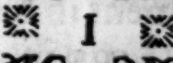

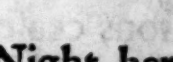


LETTER



LETTER XXIX.

From *BAGNIERES*.

 Have been here these Eight Days,
 I Madam, and by the manner of
 living in this Place, I believe I
 could stay Six Weeks without be-
 ing tir'd; for from Morning to
 Night here is nothing thought on but Di-
 version: Here is very good Company already of all Countries, and all Ages, and the
 Diversity makes an agreeable Mixture: The
 Situation of the Place has also its Advan-
 tages; it is a pretty little City upon the
 River *Aldoure*. I will say nothing of its
 Antiquity, nor of the Name its Baths had
 in the *Romans* Time; you having something
 ridicul'd my Learning, for my Observati-
 ons upon *Avignon*, therefore I will take
 Care for the future how I show my Erudi-
 tion, only tell you *Bagnieres* is near *Bareges*,
 where the Baths are admirable for Wounds,

as these are for natural Indispositions, and both are much frequented. The Invalids of *Bareges* come frequently, and augment the good Company at *Bagnieres*, and often Officers of the first Quality. They play high, and drink other Liquors besides Water: Love too has its Share in our Diversions, and they are so busy'd with their Pleasures they have no Time to feel their Indispositions. The Chevalier *de Gondrin*, Brother of Monsieur *de Torme*, is come hither to seek a Remedy for those Evils of which *Mars* is not accusable: But another Divinity, which way soever they came, they occasion dreadful Torment in his Limbs, being forc'd to keep his Legs in a continual Motion, and make terrible Faces, yet while he is at play his Convulsions cease, and he is as Tranquille as any Body. That ended they begin afresh, which, methinks, agrees with what *la Fontaine* says, That Opinion in Men governs all; and I fancy the unshaken Constancy, so much admired in the ancient Philosophers, proceeded from the employing their Minds on great Subjects, which permitted not their Bodies to feel or consider that which concern'd them, and consequently they felt not those Indispositions which afflict the Vulgar. Wherefore the Chevalier *de Gondrin* is a great Philosopher while at play, which is visibly his predominant Passion. He has Wit, and is
Polite;

Polite; he is even a Poet, and writ Verses upon his own Condition, in the very Time that he was fluxing. This, Madam, is a short Character of the Chevalier *Gondrin*; you will perceive he is no very dangerous Lover; but, as all Things are to be made some Advantage of, I make him play and talk sufficiently; he is, you know, Cousin-German to Monsieur *de Montespan*, and being less interested, he makes no Difficulty to speak of the Adventures of the Lady, his dear Cousin, of whom he told me some very particular Circumstances. He was at his Uncle the Marquis *d'Antin's*, Father to Monsieur *de Montespan*, of whom he received a Letter, that the King was fallen in Love with his Daughter-in-Law, and that the good Man stop'd in reading it, crying, *God be praised, for now Fortune is settling in our Family*: He acquainted me also with the Extravagancies of Monsieur *de Montespan* upon it, who looking upon the Matter with other Eyes than his Father, went to Court in deep Mourning, and tried to ruin his Bodily Health, that he might likewise destroy his Wife's; but the Precaution which was us'd, secur'd her from his Approaches, and sav'd her from that Danger: But to be reveng'd on Madam *de Montespan*, who he believ'd had favour'd the King's Design, he desir'd, as in her Name, several of the Court to

dine with that Dutcheſs, and in the middle of their Meat told them, it was he who had brought them together to ſhow them the moſt famous Procureſs of the Court; but gave her a worſe Name, which I think not fit to repeat, and then overthrew the Table, making ſuch a terrible Rout, that Madam *de Montauſier* loſt her Senſes, and thought a little after, going to the King's Maſs at Chapel, that ſhe ſaw her own Phantom or Likeneſs, as ſhe walked alone in the great Gallery, which you know leads to the Apartments: The Gallery is long, and ſhe ſaid ſhe ſaw a Lady in it that look'd and was dreſs'd like her ſelf. This Viſion aſtoniſh'd her, and walked with her, and gave her Look for Look, and Salutation for Salutation. The Dutcheſs ask'd her Name; ſhe answer'd, ſhe was the Dutcheſs of *Montauſier*. This Answer affrighted the true Dutcheſs, and ſhe run into the Apartment, where they ſoon perceiv'd the Diſorder of her Mind. They all diſcourſ'd of this Adventure; ſome look'd upon it as falſe, and others believ'd it, and ſaid, that Madam *de Montauſier*, being of the *Lufignan* Family, it frequently happen'd to thoſe of it, to ſee their own Phantom ſometime before they dy'd; and the Death of Madam *de Montauſieur*, who alſo dy'd ſoon after, fortify'd their Opinion: For my Part, who do not eaſily give Credit to Wonders,

ders, I fancy that Madam *de Montausier* saw her self in the Looking-Glasses in the Gallery, and her Mind being disturb'd before by the Freak of Monsieur *de Montespan*, she was perswaded of the Matter. But, to return to the Stories of the Chevalier *de Gondrin*, he acquainted me with this pleasant one : After Madam *de Montespan* was declar'd the King's Mistress, she went one Morning to buy some Things she fancied in the *Palais*, and not being willing to have them put in her Coach, she bid the Shopkeeper's Wife send them to her Home, and for fear of a Mistake, ask'd her if she knew her ; Yes, Madam, reply'd the Woman, I have the Honour to know you, are not you she that purchas'd Madam *la Valliere's* Imploy ? I know not how Madam *de Montespan* took the Thing, but I laugh'd heartily at it when the Chevalier told it me. He further inform'd me, that when Madam *de Montespan* was afterwards in Disgrace, she resolv'd to return the King the Jewels he had presented her, and sent them to him in a Casket. At first he would not receive them, but Madam *Maintenon* being with him, pray'd him to open the Box, and perswaded him to take out the most beautiful in it, and send back the rest to Madam *de Montespan*, who found the Folly she had committed, and kept the Remainder, without committing a second, by

sending them again. This is what I had from the Chevalier, but nothing pleas'd me like *Madam la Valiere's Employment*. Here is at the Waters a little Woman, whose Adventure would make me laugh, if her Condition did not move my Pity; she is fallen into the Palsy by her Husband's cruel Usage. This Wretch, instead of shewing her Tenderneſs, took a Whimsy the first Night of his Marriage, to ask her the most injurious Questions, and in a serious Tone, demanded of her if she had never favour'd any Lover, and requir'd her to affirm it by her Oath, telling her this Confession was necessary for his Quiet; the young Creature, being afflicted by his Suspicions, he imagin'd, that instead of appeasing him, as he desir'd, she only endeavour'd to elude his Questions, for fear of taking a false Oath, and began to grow froward: Ah, Husſey, cry'd he, darest thou not swear, I see what I must trust to, and thou shalt never have a Moment's Quiet, 'till you wish the Devil may take you if what I fear be true: The poor Woman, who perceiv'd she must submit, wish'd the Devil should take her if she was guilty; but she had scarce pronounc'd the Words, when she perceiv'd her self seized by a Pair of Hairy Hands and Claws, the Phantom seeming to her of a Gigantick Size, and throwing her on his Back, in striving she
felt

felt he had Horns on his Head, and all the Furniture of a Devil, she made most dreadful Cries, while the Husband bawl'd to her from his Bed, If she would confess her guilt, the Devil wou'd set her down, and that it was the Punishment of her false Oaths: All this was lost Labour, for she heard nothing, the Fright having seiz'd her Spirits. This Devil carry'd her to the Top of the House, leaving her there without Sense; while he came down to acquaint her Husband what he had done, who gave Orders to bring her to Life, and it was but a miserable one, she having ever since remain'd in this Paralitick Condition. You must know, that this pretended Devil was no other than a Valet hid under the Bed in that Disguise by the Husband's Order. The Pyficians say it will occasion her Death. I can assure you if it depended on my Sentence, I would have the Villain hang'd as his Wife's Murderer. But to the purpose, concerning the Palsie, here has fallen out a Miracle in our Neighbourhood, at a Place where they have a *Nôtre Dame*, call'd *our Lady de Liefse*, which they say performs mighty Miracles. This *Nôtre Dame* is attended by Benedictions of a very jovial Temper, who reap great Profit from her Ladyship. They have excellent Wine, and receive Folks extream kindly at their House. These good Fathers

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one Day treated a Gentleman call'd *Disautier*, who came to see them, and who, by what appears, had no great Faith in Miracles, and call'd in Question those the Monks had boasted of. The Dispute growing warm on both Sides, Monsieur *Disautier* said, If you have the Power you boast of, why don't you cure a poor Fellow in the Village of the Palsie, who has lain this Eighteen Years Bedrid? This Cure would do you Honour. The Monks excus'd themselves upon his want of Faith. Well, said Monsieur *Desautier*, having a Glass of Wine in his Head, but I my self will engage to make him walk this very Evening, without consulting his Faith. They laid a Wager upon it, he desiring nothing but a Friar's Cowl for his Expedition, which he accounted himself with according to his own Fancy, and after he had done, he went to the lame Man's, who had only a little Girl that tended him in the House; he soon found an Errand for her, when stalking gravely to the Bed where the Paralitick Peasant had lain Eighteen Years; he told him he pitied his Condition, and was come with an Intent to deliver him from it, upon Condition he would give himself to him: And who are you said the sick Man, trembling? I am the Devil, answer'd Monsieur *Disautier*, making Three or Four horrid Grima-
ces,

ces, in such a terrible manner that the poor Fellow jump'd out of his Bed, without considering his Weakness, the fear having sufficiently furnish'd him with Strength; running about the Village they had much ado to stop him, though his Distemper soon return'd upon him. Monsieur *Desautier* won his Wager, having made him not only walk but run. This is Fact, and but newly done, so there can be no doubt of it; see the Power of Fear. I have heard also of a young Man at *Thoulouse*, who was condemn'd to die, and the Execution being deferr'd till the next Day, his Hair that Night became as white as Snow, though it was quite black before. The Judges, surprized at this strange Alteration, thought Nature must needs have suffered terribly to procure such a Change, and pardoned the Criminal on that Consideration. I am very well pleased that Bishop *de Puy* has stop'd the babling of the Duke of B—— Monsieur *Monbel* acquainted me the Bishop himself was served the same Sauce in this Country, by the late Bishop of *Nismes*, Monsieur *de Cons*, where observe, that *Nismes* is happy in it's Bishops: He we speak of was one of the greatest Men in his Time, as also one of the brightest Wits, but of very mean Birth, owing to his Merit alone the Dignity he had attained. This Bishop disputed against Monsieur *du Puy*, who

who prov'd of the Family of *Betune*, whose Name he bears, and being enraged that the Bishop of *Nismes* was too hard for him by his Eloquence, fell upon him with Invectives before the whole Parliament, and reproached him with his mean Abstraction: But the Bishop of *Nismes*, without any Heat, answered him in a Tone of Contempt, saying, If you had been my Father's Son you would have kept Hogs; all the Nobility admired his Reply, and I was so pleas'd with it, that I have sent it you, and surely there is nothing more ridiculous than those, who to make themselves considerable, are forced to dig up their Ancestors Tombs: It is adorning themselves with borrowed Ornaments, it being much more noble to be cloathed with their own Deserts; and I had rather have acted the Part of Monsieur *Cons* than Monsieur *Betunes*. We expect here in few Days the Bishop of *B——*, whose Name is *B——*, the Physicians have sent him to the Waters for the Dissipation of his Melancholy. This Prelate was deputed by the States to carry a Commission to the King, which would have obtained him both Money and Honour, by the Harangue he was to make his Majesty. The Bishop had prepared himself with great Study, and doubted not to out-do Monsieur *Flecher*, but could not get to the end of the Oration,
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not having Courage enough to pronounce it, which exposed him to the Laughter at Court, and he came down with a sort of Amazement, which degenerated into a deep Melancholy. They say it is not the first Time his Understanding has given him the Slip; but at the opening of the States of the Province he did the same before that illustrious Assembly, in the middle of his Sermon, which occasion'd this Epigram.

*Can nothing cure the babling Pop,
And to his prating put a stop?
Yes, make him but a Pulpit Mount,
He'll soon be mute, depend upon't.*

Thus you see, Madam, Prelates are no more spared than other People, no more than they distinguish themselves from they rest of Mankind, they giving themselves greater Liberties here than in other Places; and if you remember the Oath of the Duke *de la Feuillade* when he affirmed any Thing to the King was, Sir, may I be damn'd like a Bishop of *Languedoc*, if what I tell your Majesty is not true; yet there are found some who are good Men among them, and who live like such; he of *Mirepois* is look'd upon as a Saint. The Bishop of *Paimiers* is such another; the Bishop of *Mirepois* went to pay the other a Visit, but the Roads between *Pamiers* and *Mirepois* being bad, his Coach

overturn'd him in the Dirt, and his Coachman could not raise it. Monsieur *de Mirepois* got out as well as he could, while his Servants helped the Coachman with their utmost Strength, but despairing to get it out of the Mire, turning to his Master he said, My Lord, we must stay here all Night, for while you are present I cannot make my Horses move. Monsieur *de Mirepois* wondering at what his Servant said, ask'd him the Reason; It is, said he, because I dare not swear before you, and if I don't swear we shall never get out of the Slough. The good Bishop finding nothing was to be done, cry'd, Well then, swear a little, but not much: The Coachman made use of his Permission, and the Horses being us'd to that Noise, quickly set the Coach at Liberty, and the Bishop's Compliance was a Subject for Mirth, but all was meant to a good End. As I have no great Love for Play, I always leave it for Conversation, and having many of the same Mind here, it is not hard to find their Stories delight me, but you having more diverting Amusements at *Paris*, may well grow weary of my Tales, therefore I bid you good Night, and go to Bed my self, for it is past two of the Clock.

I am.

LETTER



LETTER XXX.

From *P A R I S*.



Am much pleased you love not Play, that Pleasure would be only to your self, but I have my Share in the Pleasure you take in Accounts you give me of the Country you are in; you have told me several Circumstances of *Madam de Montespan*, which I knew not before. Your Bishop of *Beziers* deserved to be served in the same kind as one of our great Abbots was here, who invited both the Court and City to hear a Sermon he had made with great Preparation, which he was to preach in the Church of the *New Catholicks* but was quite out, and stop'd short before the whole Assembly. You may judge of the Grief it was to him, which to augment, some charitable Person, sent him a long Letter to banter him upon it: by which you

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may

may perceive they are as mischievous here as in *Languedoc*. I believe my self the Bishops are as much Libertines, witness our defunct Archbishop. I have heard, that during his Passion for Madam *Bretenvillers*, the Husband surpriz'd him one Day in some Disorder with that Lady, and like a Wise Man he shut the Door, and went out, making Abundance of Signs of the Cross with his Hands, both on the one Side and the other, upon all he met. One of his Friends, who chanced to be upon the Stairs, surpriz'd with the Novelty, asked him the Reason. Mr. *Bretenvillers* reply'd, It is because my Lord Archbishop is doing my Business above Stairs, and it is but just I should take the Pains to do his. The Clergy is every where corrupt; neither do they mind their Breviaries any more here than any where else: The Court is in Mourning for Monsieur's Death, and I doubt not you are sensible of his Loss, for that Prince had always shewn a respect for you. Monsieur *de Chartres* is now Duke of *Orleans*, which Honour the King promised to continue, in Consideration of his Marriage. All Monsieur's Officers are continued in their Places; he dy'd on a sudden: Having heated his Blood at *Lansquennet*, a kind of Apoplexy ensued. He had been long since told, Play would do him some extraordinary Prejudice,

dice, but he could not forbear it. The King appears very much concerned at his Death: *Madame* resolves to retire upon it, and *Monfieur d'Orleans* comforts himself with *Mademoiselle Seri*, one of *Madam's* Maids of Honour, who is now his Mistress declar'd: she is a very fine Woman, and in all likelihood will fix him, and make him forget little *Desmare*. You know that Comedian succeeded *Florence* who danced in the Opera; but perhaps you know not her Infidelity to that Prince with little *Baron* the Player. The Thing was affirmed, and she did not deny it. Mr *d'Orleans* took a Son from her he had by her, and all the Presents he had made her, which she returned with Joy, thinking her self happy in the Liberty that she now had to give her self intirely to her dear *Baron* the Comedian, imagining that by these disinterested Sentiments she soars even to Heroisme. The Duke left her with Regret, though at present I believe he thinks no more of her, and that the charming *Seri* comforts him in all Things. Here is great Preparations for War, none doubting but it will soon be declared. They will not acknowledge the Elector of *Brandenburgh* as King of *Prussia*; but perhaps they may feel his Resentments on that Subject, for should he join with King *William*, he would considerably strengthen his

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his Party; he is said to have all the Qualities fit for a great King; his Princess is incomparable both in Body and Mind. I heard great Things said of her by the Dutches of *Orleans*, who did me the Honour to shew me several of her Letters, which are charmingly fine. I heard also the other Day that Court is now the most shining and polite of *Europe*, and by what I understand of it, I fear it may eclipse ours, and rise upon its Ruins. I wish the King would not fall out with such Potent Allies, but such is his good Pleasure, and nothing must be said against it: The Collectors and Excise-Men, who devour the People, are most in Fashion, but most hated by all good Men. The Court protects them for its own Advantage, and this is their Reign, on which there is an odd Remark, *Henry* the Fourth, they say, was the Father of his People, and they have placed him on the *Pont Neuf*; *Lewis* the Thirteenth in the middle of the *Palace-Royal*, because he loved the Nobility, and *Lewis* the Fourteenth in the *Palace de Victoires*, surrounded by Bloodsuckers, Collectors and Excise-Men, with which that Quarter is filled: I leave you to make the Conclusion. It is *Monsieur de Pontchartrain* who has set these People upon the Foot they now stand, and he has his Share of the publick Hatred for it. Above all, he gives his Protection to one
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called *Bourvillais* *, who is the Detestation of human Nature ; you must have heard his Name in your Travels, for it is written in all the Inns, together with that of Pilot *Buffy* ; † some say even to *Constantinople*. This *Bourvillais* has formerly worn a Porter's Coat ; his Enemies say he was Servant to the Hangman ; but this is certain, his Coach now dashes the Dukes and Peers, and he has a noble Palace in the Street *des Boulois*, near the Place *de Victoires*. Some time since one *Cordier*, whose Family were all Servants in the *Palais Royal*, invented a Project to bring the King in Money. This *Bourvillais* promised to present M. *Pontchartrain* his Memoir, assuring him, if it were accepted, he should have Fifteen Thousand Francs for his Scheme, and after a while obtain'd the Grant of the Matter in Question for himself, only changing some Forms in the Project to make *Cordier* believe that it was not his had been pitched upon. *Cordier* saw the Trick, and not understanding Raillery in the matter, he went to *Bourvillais*, and clapping a Pistol to his Head, oblig'd him to make good what he had promised. *Bourvillais* was alone in his Office, and so hard press'd by *Cordier*, who told him

* This is he so often mentioned in the News-Papers to be now under Examination in the Chamber of Justice in France.

† This Pilot *Buffy* (who was living in Paris about a Dozen Years ago) was an old griping Usurer, as remarkable for an ugly Bloateness, as for his Avarice.

he would kill him, If he offered to call any Assistance, to that to get clear, he sign'd a Bill for the Summ demanded, payable to the Bearer ; but *Cordier* was no sooner gone out, but he run after him, calling stop Thief. The poor unhappy Wretch was seized just entring the Palais Royal by the Gate of the Kitchin Court. They found him with the Pistol and Bill, and immediately making out his Proceſs, he was condemn'd to be hanged, though he was only guilty in the illegal Courſe he took, to get the Summ *Bourvillais* really owed him. The Dutcheſs of *Orleans*, who is the beſt of Princeſſes, did all ſhe could to ſave him, in Conſideration of his Relations. When he was condemn'd the Lieutenant-Criminal retarded the Execution for a few Hours, during which ſhe haſtened to *Verſailles* to beg the King's Pardon for him, but he refus'd her, becauſe *Monſieur Pontchartrain* told him he ought to oblige thoſe who brought him in Money. The Dutcheſs was cruelly mortify'd with the Refuſal, and *Cordier* was hang'd, though lamented by the whole City. This Action having much added to the Hatred Mr *Bourvillais* lay under before ; by this you may judge what Intereſt the Dutcheſs has. The other Day ſhe told a certain Perſon freely, If you would ruin your Affairs ſend me to ſolicit them ; and ſhe had ſufficient Reaſon to ſay ſo, when the Recommendation of the

the

the least Clerk in the Revenue shall be preferred before that of the first Prince of the Blood. Consider then in what Situation our Court is at present. What would *Francis* the first say, if he could return from his Tomb, to see our Nobility so abased, whose usual Oath was, upon the Faith or Word of a Gentleman? To speak freely, our Court is terribly degenerated, and is become a melancholy Place. The King grows old; the Duke of *Orleans* destroys himself with continual Hunting: The Duke of *Burgundy* is a Bigot, and there is none left but his Dutcheß, and the Duke of *Berri*, whom there is any Pleasure to see. All the Courtiers Ambition is bounded in their Endeavours to be appointed the little Journeys of *Marli*, whither the King goes every Week, attended only by such as he pleases to Name, for none but the Elect may aspire to this Felicity, the Number being too few for every one to have his Turn. And the Princes of the Blood are often excluded; the late Duke of *Orleans* was glad when he was left out of the Number: He used to spend that Time at *Paris*, highly pleased to be caress'd at his going to hear Mass with the Fathers of the Oratory, by the Fish-Wives, as he drove through the Market preceded by a few Drums and Hautboys; in truth he was not in the

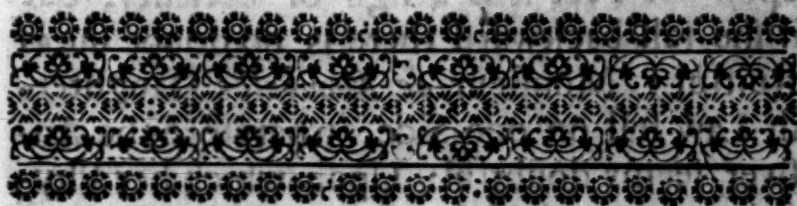
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Wrong

Wrong to love *Paris*, for he was extreamly beloved there, and as much Lamented. Now we are upon the Journeys to *Marli*, there lately happened a pleasant Scene upon it: The Princess *de Montauban* being vex'd she never was nam'd for that Journey, went to the Princess of *Harcourt*, and offered her a Thousand Crowns to go in her stead on the first Opportunity. The Princess of *Harcourt*, whose whole Revenue consists in her Wits, accepted the Offer, but the King's Consent was still wanting for this Exchange, wherefore that Evening she said to him, Sir, I think the Princess *de Montauban* has never yet been at *Marli*. I know it very well, said the King. Yet I believe, Sir, answered the Lady, she has a great desire to go thither; I doubt not that said the King. But, Sir, said she, won't your Majesty be pleased to appoint her. There is no Necessity for that, replied the King. But, Sir, cry'd the Princess of *Harcourt*, at last, it will be worth a Thousand Crowns to me, and your Majesty knows I want them. Upon which the King laugh'd at the Bargain, and consented to the Change. You see here they make Money of every Thing. In the mean Time divert your self at *Bagnieres*, and get as many Stories as you can, provided you let me know them.

I am,

LET-



LETTER XXXI.

From *BAGNIERES*.



YOU will be now, Madam, pleased with me, for I having been unfortunate at Play, have absolutely forsaken it, resolving no more to use it: Indeed, I never much delighted in it. I now devote myself to Conversation, which is extreamly diverting here, where Monsieur de Mombell, Syndic of *Languedoc*, has diverted me with several pleasant Adventures. He is come hither for the Cure of the *Sciatica*, and his Son's Wife to have Children: She has consulted a *Nôtre Dame*, who gives her Oracles in a most extraordinary Manner; she must be address'd by nine Days Prayers successively; and then the Woman that desires to have Issue, must go up to the Altar at a certain Passage in the ninth Mass, where she will fall, by which they knew whether

her Prayers are granted, or no ; if she fall upon her Feet it is a sign of Sterility, but if she fall backward there is no doubt she is fruitful : Monsieur *de Mombell's* Daughter-in-Law fell on one Side, wherefore the Answer seems doubtful: Upon which her Physicians have advised her to drink the Waters ; She is a mighty pretty Woman, but something too credulous and superstitious ; she is so devout as to think that Bells ought to be baptized, and calls those Hereticks who think there are no Conjurers, with many other Errors of this Nature, which shows she has seen but little of the World. For Example, she told me the other Day that some wicked Enchanter prevented her having Issue, and that strange Knots were found in her Bed, which was a plain Proof of Sorcery ; when perceiving I had not much Faith in her Relation, you would be much more surprized, said she, if you knew what happened to a Gentleman in the Flower of his Youth, in our Neighbourhood : He went every Night to Bed in perfect Health, but waked in the Morning, so weak and faint, he was hardly able to breathe. All the Physicians in our Country were consulted to discover the Occasion, and remedy this Illness, but it was beyond their Skill : At last an affectionate Servant discovered the whole Mystery, after having desired

desired his Master to keep the Secret ; he acquainted him that his Lady, as soon as he was fallen asleep, pronouncing some Magical Words, took out of a little Box a Bridle with a Golden Curb, which she puts in his Mouth, he immediately became a very fine Horse, his Wife mounted him and gallop'd him about all Night ; and in the Morning, by the Power of her Charms, made him come into his Bed again, and that this Nocturnal Fatigue was the only Occasion of his Weakness. The Gentleman astonish'd at this Discovery, seizes his Wife's Box, where he found the Bridle and Curb, with her conjuring Book, in which were all her Magical Words. Thus being convinced of the Fact, he made his Wife go to Bed first, under some feigned Pretence, and as soon as she was asleep turned her into a Mare, in the same manner as she had made him a Horse, and put her into his Stable, desiring her Brothers to come to him upon urgent Business : They fail'd not coming, he proposed to them to buy a Mare which was newly sent him from *Spain* ; as she was extream beautiful, they all agreed on the Price, but before he delivered the Mare he took off the Bridle ; and you must think the Gentlemen were strangely surprized to find she was their own Sister : In vain she wept, and threw herself at her Husband's Feet ; there was

was no Quarter for her, but her Brothers took her Home, and treated her as she deserved. What have you to say to this, Madam, said she to me: This is Fact. I answered her; apparently, Madam, the Cock crowed, and you waked: She begun to be vex'd at me, but Monsieur *Mombell*, her Father-in-Law, join'd us, and interrupted our farther Conversation, to acquaint us he had received Letters from *Montpellier*, that the College of Physicians had lost one of their most celebrated Members, namely the famous Dr. *Barbeirac*, who died in Spite of all his Learning, he informed me, that among his Papers were found some Letters from the Dauphin, recommending the Marchioness *de Rouse* to him, who went to lye-in at *Montpellier*, acquainting him also, that her Children were his, and it is said he has had three by her *incognito*: If it be so you see the Secret has taken Wind; but those that are wise only whisper it, imitating the Discretion of the Count *de Rouse*, who, though well informed of his Daughter-in-Law's Conduct, seems ignorant of it; and, like a true Politician, sees no more than they would have him see. Mr. *de Mombell* was further informed that the Countess *de Ganges* being disgusted with the Affront the Bishop of *Montpellier* had given her, resolved to sell her fine House, and live in *Paris*. And this House, as I have told

told you, being built upon the Ruins of the Protestants Church, was enlarged so far that they were fain to remove a Stone Cross, which was built in the Place, which gave Occasion for these Satyrical Verses, speaking to the Cross.

*Oh mournful Cross! Behold not Venus' Guilt:
Before thy Face they have her Temple built.
Fly from this Place, so sinful, so abhor'd;
For Venus and the Cross can ne'er accord.*

You see nothing is spared in this Country, the Countess de Ganges has endar'd abundance of shocking Adventures, but she will forget them in time. Have we not seen how Monsieur Panautier, Treasurer for the Province of Languedoc, and for the Clergy also of it, is returned in Triumph, after having been accused of Poysoning, and keeps a Table again, where all the greatest Lords of the Estates think it an Honour to dine: This Man, of whom, when he was imprisoned at Paris, these Verses were made.

*If Panautier, in his Distress,
Found every Man a hearty Friend,
It was because he had th' Address
To bring his Foes all to their End.*

Shall

*Shall he be then less Guilty thought,
Because he's liberal of his Store ?
We know his Table costs him nought ;
He makes it furnish'd by the Poor.*

When I had run over Monsieur *Mombell's* News, it came into my Head to ask him some Questions, and among others the Etymology of the Name of *Montpellier* ; he told me the most general Opinion was, it had formerly belonged to Virgins, and being built upon a Hill it was called *Mont de Pucelles*, or *the Maid's Mount* ; from whence corrupted to *Montpellier* ; and that formerly it had been a little Sovereignty. A certain Princess of *Arragon*, who had married an Earl of *Provence*, being overtaken at Sea, by a dreadful Storm, when she was going to her Husband, was cast away on this little Dominion of the Count *de Montpellier*, who received her extraordinarily, making her many Feasts, and giving her all Assistance necessary. When she had sufficiently reposed herself, and repaired the Damages of the Shipwreck on her Equipage, she resolved to take her Leave, but the Count did not intend that so good a Fortune, which was fallen into his Hands, should so easily escape him ; and being unmarried himself, he had no Inclination to part with it to another. The Princess advised

vised with those who accompanied her, who knowing the Reasons of the strongest are always in the Right, she gave her self to the Count of *Montpellier*; perhaps with some seeming Constraint; but he was a handsome Man, and present, Advantages very considerable in Matters of Love. At last the Marriage was performed, the King of *Arragon* not being acquainted with it till it was too late to oppose it. The Earl of *Provence* was fain to have Patience for want of a better Remedy, and our new married Couple remained in Tranquillity and Peace at *Montpellier*: But, added Monsieur *de Mombell*, Love growing soon weary of a calm Repose, troubled that of this Court; the Count fell desperately in love with a Servant of his Wives, and did all he could to shake her Virtue; but his Attempts proving in vain, he took such a Disgust to the Princess, regarding her as the only Obstacle to his Happiness, that he broke off all Friendship with her. This kind of Divorce lasted several Years, and the Person that caused it desired to be discharged, but could by no means obtain it, while the Princess suffered all patiently. But the People murmured, and at length the Magistrates held a Council, and deputed some of their Body to go to the Princess, to beseech her Consent to an innocent Artifice they had resolved on for

for her Service; which was, to obtain of her Attendant to seem favourable to the Count's Passion, and appoint a Meeting on any Night she thought fit, and that under Pretence of Modesty, he should come without any Light; while under the Favour of Darknes, her Mistress should be substituted in her Place: The Princess had some Difficulty to quench those Fires another had kindled; but however she yielded to Reasons of State, and perhaps to others more moving: And her Servant on the other hand, consented her Virtue should be doubted for a few Hours, to shine more brightly afterwards. The Project was accordingly put in Execution, as it had been concluded; and when the Count thought himself at the highest of his Wishes, the Magistrates entred the Room in their Robes, and falling on their Knees by the Bed-side, having showed the Count his Error, beg'd Pardon for having caused it. He seem'd at first displeased with the Authority they had assumed over his Pleasures; but coming to himself, and touched with those Marks of Tendernefs he had received from the Countess, at the Time when he gave her convincing Proofs of that he had for another; he beg'd her Pardon, and commended the Zeal and Affection of his Subjects, thanking them for their Care in recovering him from
his

his Error: The Lady's Virtue was extolled, and she rewarded, and besides the Merit of her Virtue had Permission to go Home; and the Count would not so much as see her, living ever after in the best Agreement with the Princess. From this Reconciliation came a Prince, who afterwards inherited the Kingdom of *Arragon*, by which means *Montpellier* appertained to that Crown; and many *Arrogonian* Families transported themselves thither, and some of them are yet remaining, distinguish'd by the Name of *Marans*; it being alledged their Descent is from the *Jews* or *Moors*, with whom the Kingdom of *Spain* was formerly over-run. Here Monsieur *Mombell* ended his Story, and thanking him for the Trouble he had taken, I went to his Daughter-in-Law, who was with a young Lady; I was informed she was the *Marquise de Vernac*, and that she came from about *Thoulouse*. After the first Ceremonies, I asked her if she never came to that great City, and whether I might not hope for the Honour to see her there? She told me she was not permitted to go into it: And pray, Madam, said I, wondring at her Answer, what Law has banished you? It is a Vow, said she, by which I have bound my self, and rather than break my Vow, I have preferr'd a Match in the Country, to a much more advantageous

vantageous one that was proposed to me in that City. I found something so extraordinary in this Lady's Discourse, that the Liberty of this Place allowing of being soon acquainted, I entreated her to oblige me with the Reasons of her making such a Vow: Very readily, said she, we will separate from the rest of the Company, and set our selves down by the Side of a Spring, and since you desire to know my History, said Madam *de Vernac*, I will tell it you. I was born in the Country upon my Father's Estate, who was called the Marquess *de Soubere*, not far from *Tboulouse*: I was put into the Convent of *St. Clare* in that City, about my Seventh Year of Age; but having been a Child, used to my own Will, I could not agree with the Nun's manner of Life, and much lamented the want of my Country Pleasures: That which renewed my Afflictions was the coming of my Mother's Woman to see the great Procession on the Seventeenth of *May*; she visited me in the Monastery, and had the Imprudence to ask me, if I would go Home again with her? I immediately accepted her Offer, and as soon as she was gone, and the Nuns in the Quire, I found a way to escape out of the Convent, without being perceived. As soon as ever I was got out, I run all over the City, thinking the whole Sisterhood at my

my Back, looking for my Mother's Woman every where, without finding her: At length Night came upon me in a Place where the nasty Smell made me suppose it was the Fish-Market; and it was so, I had no Choice but to hide my self under a Stall, and there spend the Night: After I had lain there some Hours, I heard some talking, and walking very near me, the Curiosity, natural to our Sex, made me thrust my Head out of my Nest, I saw three young Women with a Lanthorn; and as I saw them, they also saw me, and said to one another, Let us take that little Girl, and end the Dispute; at the same Time asking me what I did there? I replied, I had lost my self in looking for a young Woman who was called *Jandon*; pray, do you know her? Very well, answered they, go along with us, and we will bring you to her; you may suppose I followed them gladly, they carried me a great way, into a Place I knew nothing of, where with much Pains lifting up a great Stone, they told me I must go into the Grave, where there was a Woman newly buried, and take off her Rings and Pendants. I then perceived their Dispute was about who should go into the Grave: This Employment being not to my liking, I would fain have dispensed with it, but that was not to be done; for they threatned

to shut me in it if I refused: Finding I must go by Force, I went into it, and took the Rings from the dead Woman, and being willing to get something for my self, I hid a Ring in my Bosom, and delivered the rest to them; but they knowing what there was, cry'd, go again, you Baggage, there wants a fourth, fetch it, or we will shut you in the Grave: I needed not a Repitition, but went down again, as if I had gone to seek it: I took it from my Bosom, and stretch'd out my little Hand to reach 'em the Ring, which I had a Mind to keep: They took it, but had the Cruelty, after all, to lay the great Stone upon me, and there leave me in a Place so full of Horror, that I might never discover what they had been doing. It is impossible for me to express what I suffered, I cannot now think of it, without trembling; I was alone shut up with dead Corps, almost in the Center of the Earth, without Hope of any Humane Assistance: For besides that it was an unfrequented Place, it seem'd impossible to hear me cry from that Subterranean Hole: I then knew there was something worse than a Convent. At last I took the best way left me, which was to wait with Patience for my Death: I cannot but often wonder the Terror and Fright did not kill me; they say, That is safe which God keeps. Having spent about an Hour
in

in this fearful Condition, I heard some People walking over my Head, who pulled away the Stone which covered the Grave, and then I saw three Men who came with the same Intentions the Women had done before, and were preparing to come into the Grave; but as soon as they saw me, they believed it was the dead Women, who was rising to punish their Crime: They all fell upon the Ground, and I never knew whether they were Dead, or in a Swoon; for I stay'd not to examine the Matter, but made all the Haste I could from that dismal Place; and at Break of Day I found my self in the Streets of *Thoulouse*, when appearing extremely affrighted, some charitable People enquired what I ailed, and took the Pains to recover me from my Astonishment: I told them mine and my Father's Name, which was well known; they soon carried me Home, where I had a Fit of Sickness, and it was believed I should never recover: After which I made an Oath never to set my Foot in *Thoulouse*, which I have religiously observed, and not to break it, refused marrying a very rich President of that Parliament. As soon as Madam *de Vernac* had ended her Story, I agreed with her she had great Reason for her Aversion to that City; I asked her if those Women were never discovered, who had the Cruelty to bury

her alive : She said, her Parents never made any Search after them, it being to no Purpose, since that Scene was acted in the Night-time, and in a Place which she knew nothing of. I thought this a most astonishing Story, which you would not be displeased to hear, and I send it you for a real Truth, receiving it from the Person to whom it happened. Of late I see no more of the *Chevalier de Gondrin*, *Lansquenet* wholly imployes him, and he is no longer my Acquaintance : But I get new ones every Day. There is a Gentleman come newly from *Rouergue*, and a Neighbour of the late *Madam Fontange's*, who knew her intimately, and has acquainted me with many Particularities concerning her : He says she was most beautiful, which we know, that her only Defect was her Hair, something inclining to red, but that was hid with Powder, and other Precautions she made use of. Her Parents, reckoning upon her Beauty, and resolving to make their Advantage of it, designed her, from her Childhood, for the illustrious Conquest we have seen her make ; and accordingly, to put her in the way, by the Intermission of the *Dutchess d'Arpajou*, they got her to be Maid of Honour to the *Dutchess of Orleans*, tho' she might perhaps have otherwise disposed of her self, if she had followed her own Inclinations ;
for

for the Gentleman tells me she seemed to have strong Dispositions towards Virtue : Her Temper was sweet, but a little Melancholy, more languishing than shining. But, in fine, her Destiny, or rather her Parent's Ambition, prevail'd over her Temper, she was brought to Court by the Count *de Piere*, the King's Lieutenant in *Languedoc* : As soon as she came to Court, Madam *Montespan*, always ready to destroy her self, told the King a Provincial Lady was brought to the Dutches of *Orleans*, who was a true *Agnes*, and an Idol of white Marble ; the King was curious to see this newly arrived Beauty : As he was then a Hunting ; and Mademoiselle *Fontange* having followed her Mistress, Madam *de Montespan* sent for her, and presented her to the King, who observed her so well, and found the Statue so lovely, that like *Pygmalion*, he was violently in Love with her ; while Madam *de Montespan*, to put her out of Countenance, showed the King her Neck, saying, Sir, how fine is that ! Those who were concern'd in the Fortune of Mademoiselle *Fontange* failed not to give her Advice, how to make her best of all Advantages, so that her Destiny was soon accomplish'd, to the bitter Regret of Madam *de Montespan*. As soon as she was the King's declared Mistress, she gave her self entirely up to the Grandeur she was

raised to, and kept but indifferent Measures with those who help'd to advance her. This Gentleman acquainted me, that the Dutchess of *Arpajou*, having long desired a private Conversation with her, obtain'd at last to see her at Seven of the Clock, and a Half, in the Morning, and that for half an Hour only; the Dutchess fail'd not being there, and found Madamoiselle *Fontange* just come from her Toilet, dress'd and in Order, as if it had been Noon, who told her each Moment was allotted out, and in Half an Hour she had Affairs she could not omit; and had taken that half Hour, she spared her, from her own Rest, that she might lose no Time. Madam *D'Arpajou*, not to lose that which was so precious, told her she came to recommend one of her Country Gentlemen to her, who had a Desire to obtain a Place at Court, and begg'd her Protection with the King: She answered the Dutchess, she durst never speak to his Majesty in Favour of a young Man, from which her Enemies might draw ill Consequences to her Disadvantage; and, in short, would only use the Credit and Interest she might have to establish and preserve the Happiness her Stars had procured her: And then shewed Madam *D'Arpajou* the Hand of her Watch was upon the Stroke of Eight; and thus gave an End
to

to the Audience. Madam *D'Arpajou* told this Gentleman, who then waited on her, that Madam *de Fontange's* Fortune had turn'd her Head, and seem'd much discontented at her Reception. You know all which happened afterwards to that lovely Creature; and as her Reign was like that of Roses, sweet and short, many have believed a jealous Rival assisted the fatal Sisters in shortning the Thread of her Life; and this Report is spread in her Country as well as *Paris*: God only knows what is in it. A little before she died, she desired the King to come and see her, but his Majesty fearing his Sight might hinder her from loosening herself from the World, was unwilling to grant her this last Favour; but at length however he did it; her Confessor telling the King she would die contented after this Interview, so he had no way to refuse her: The Day she expected this Visit, she continually enquired what it was a Clock? At the wish'd Hour the King came, and was astonish'd to see her in that Condition, being nothing but Skin and Bones, and so disfigured, that it was impossible to know her. She beg'd the King to pay her Debts, and to dispose of her Sister in Marriage, and he promised her both, and kept his Word; for her Sister married Monsieur *Melac*, who

had with her all *Mademoiselle de Fontange* left, who died in the Flower of her Youth. We see what Sin produces; for, in short, it is the same with a Sovereign, as with any other Man. Here is the Epitaph made for her, which I think a very good one.



THE
EPI TAPH
ON

Mademoiselle de Fontange.



E, Fair Ones, who still fairer wou'd appear,

A more important Care now calls you here:

*Approach, and in this faithful Mirror, see
The certain Case in which you soon shall be.
Once envious of my Grandeur, and my State,
Have Pity now on what was then your Hate.
Love rais'd me soon, like a bright Star on high;
But ah! how soon Love's Victim too was I!
If my Ambition led me to this Vice,
It cost my Life; alas! a Fatal Price.*

Sudden

*Sudden the Court's Amazement I appear'd;
Fix'd in my Sovereign's Breast, no Rivals
Arts I fear'd.*

*None in so short a Time, so high, so great,
None sooner ruin'd by one Stroke of Fate.*

*How near is Grandeur to the Grave ally'd?
What thin Partitions do the Bounds divide?*

Perhaps you will say, Madam, I send you old News; but pray observe I only speak of such Circumstances which neither you nor I knew before; nor had I been informed of them but for this Gentleman of *Rouergue*, who received them from the first Hand.



LETTER



LETTER XXXII.

From FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE News you have taken the Trouble to send me, is new to me, Madam, and I give you my due Thanks. I never heard the Particulars your Gentlemen of *Rouvergue* has imparted to you in Madam *Fontange's* History, nor her Epitaph, which I think very proper; I lament with you that fine Creature, and blame her Conduct; but above all, her wretched Parents, who made her a Sacrifice to their Ambition. I would not have believed the Dauphin had carry'd his Constancy so far with Madam *de Roure*, though I knew he loved her exceedingly, and that he being once with the King *Choisi*, his Majesty told him, that for considerable Reasons, he thought fit to send that Lady into Exile. The Son, with Submission, reply'd, You are Master, Sir, but if your Majesty banish her to the furthest Part of the World, I will follow the next Day: He was surprized with this Answer, which he

World

did not expect, and said not a Word more. The Dauphin immediately took Horse, and rode to *Paris*. The King sent * *Dumont* after him to bring him back, that he might acquaint him with his Reasons for what he had said : Being returned accordingly, he told him *Madam de Roure* was false to him, and mix'd the Royal Blood with the Ignoble, which was the true Occasion of his Intentions to banish her. The Dauphin seemed to be concerned, and it was thought from that Time he slackened his League with that Beauty, though perhaps he only acted more privately, for they say this Prince is a second *Brutus*, and that it is through Policy he avoids shining in the World, or appearing what he really is. It is certain he has ever appeared most submissive to his Father, and without concerning himself in the Government of Affairs, having never shew'd any Firmness or Resolution, except in what pass'd at *Choisi*. Yet it is not for want of those who have endeavoured to spoil that Temper, which they have not succeeded in, for though he is of an Age to be impatient for ascending a Throne, he has shewed no Signs of it. The King, who is jealous of his Authority, has reserved all Power to

* *Dumont is one of Monseigneur's Equerries, and his Favourite.*

himself

himself, without his Son's once murmuring at it, though Heir-Apparent to his Crown. Nor has he ever been angry with any Minister, except Monsieur *Colbert*, and it must be owned the Occasion was provoking. The Prince of *Conti*, having lost a considerable Sum at Play, and not having so much by him to pay it, the next Day he had Recourse to the Dauphin, who was then no better provided than himself, and he desired the Loan of a Thousand Louis d'Ors from Monsieur *Colbert*, who told him he would move the King in it. The Dauphin, who thought he might otherways have ventured so small a Sum with him on his own Credit, was extreamly displeased, and complained of it to the late Dauphiness, who advised him to be beforehand with Monsieur *Colbert*, and acquaint the King with the Circumstances; which was prudent Advice, and he found it such by following her Method, for the King ordered his Bills, drawn upon the *Exchequer*, should be constantly paid, and it is believ'd this Prince never abused this Commission; however, it is always happy to have the Power to do what we will, though we don't always will what we can. Monsieur *de Louvay*, who was the Antipodes to Monsieur *Colbert*, missed not this Opportunity of making his Court to the Dauphin: For after having complain'd to this Prince, That on any little Occasion he
did

did him not the Honour to make use of him, he immediately sent him Two Thousand Louis d'Ors, in lieu of one Mr Colbert had refused him. But there are some Courtiers so rigid that they think they commit the greatest Crime if they do any Thing without acquainting the King, or at least making People believe they acquaint him. The obsequious *Bontemps*, first Groom of the Bed-Chamber, was never asked any Thing without saying, I will speak to the King, or I will acquaint the King; which occasioned one of the Followers of the Court, who was weary of this sordid Answer, to cry to him, Monsieur, how does your Wife? *Bontemps* failed not to answer mechanically, I will acquaint the King with it; which sottish Reply came to the King's Ear, and was spread about the Court as the common Jest, as it deserved. But, to return to the Dauphin's Interest and Credit, it may be said they have been little hitherto; I have heard not long since, this Prince passing by the Place of Execution, there was a poor Wretch to be dispatch'd to the other World, and a great Crowd of People, whose Pity beg'd for Mercy to the poor Criminal. The Dauphin, knowing it not convenient to show it in his own Person, told them, All he could do was to beg it of the King; and turning his Horse toward *Ver-*
sailles

sailles, he entreated the King his Presence might be of good Omen, this being the first Time such an Occasion had offered. The King answered, I grant it this once, but come no more on such an Errant, and the Suspension of the Execution was forborn, and the Person set at Liberty. But the manner of the King's granting this Request, shews, he is of the Opinion Two Suns cannot shine in one Hemisphere; nor will our Monarch suffer other, than himself, to do it in our Horizon: Thus he is served according to his own Pleasure, with which never Mortal was more flattered than himself, little being wanting of paying those Honours to him which are due to Divinity only. Monsieur *de Cavoix*, who you know is Harbinger to the Household, said a Thing to him the other Day, which was likely to have brought him into the severest Disgrace, but it was so far from it, as to obtain him both Rewards and Favour. The King was complaining to him, That the Lords of his Court were inconveniently lodged this Year. *Cavoix* excused himself by alledging, That the Court was not large enough to accommodate such a vast Number as were obliged to attend it. But, said the King, *Fontainebleau*, which was built long since, held the whole Court of *Francis* the first, and in the Time of my Grandfather *Henry* the Fourth,

Fourth, there was Room enough, and likewise in my Father's Time. I, Sir, said the Marquis *de Cavoix*, your Majesty talks of pretty Kings indeed. This Reply, which assuredly I should never have dared to make, was most favourably taken by the King, who found a kind of Praise in it, with which he was pleased, though at the Expence of his Ancestors. See how Things thus ventured upon, sometimes succeed; but I should not have been bold enough to have hazarded a like Answer. The Court has been here some Time, but we are not near so much diverted here as you are at *Bagnieres*. We see one Day a Play, another the Presence, and the next Day Nothing, and this with Repetition; Every Body is busied with the Care of their Fortune. The Excise-Men, and the rest of that Crew, make their Court to Monsieur *de Chamillart*, alternately with the Soldiers; the Abbots to Father *la Chaise*, so that here's but little Thoughts of Diversion. As to me, I find mine in Walking, taking the Air, and visiting my Friends, sometimes in the Evening going to the King's Supper. The King was Yesterday in admirable Humour, and told a great many pleasant Stories; said he, One Day coming from Shooting, I gave my Page my Gun, and hearing a Shot, looking about, I saw a Man all bloody in the Face,

Face, running towards us, and doubted not but it was the Page's Roguery; I caused him to be called, and asked what made him hurt the poor Peasant, or presume to fire my Piece: Sir, said he, I beg your Majesty's Pardon. The Man had his Head in a Bush, and being very black, I took him for a Black-Bird, which occasioned my shooting at him. The King, said he, had much ado to keep from laughing at this Answer. He went on, telling, That in the War of Seventy Two, a good Woman who sold Beer in the *Dutch* Army, was crying about the Camp as loud as she could, *My good for Two Pence a Quart, my good Beer for Two Pence*, and at last hearing a Soldier cry behind her Tent, *My good Beer for Three Half-Pence, good Beer for Three Half-Pence*: Alas! There's a Wretch, said she, come and settled by me, that will draw away all my Customers from me, for every one run to the cheapest; but after many Lamentations for fear her Drink should be left upon her Hands, she was astonished, there was not one Drop left in her Barrel, the Soldier, who cry'd on the Back of the Tent having pierced it, and selling it cheaper, had sold it all while the Woman cry'd it on the other Side, not perceiving her Loss. The Third Story the King told happened about the same Time; his Majesty said, that being at *St. Omers*,

Omers, the Bishop of that City would sing a high Mass before him, and as the good Man was not much used to that Holy Exercise, he was abominably afraid he should not get through it much to his Honour: However, he sang the Preface tolerably well; his Almoners to comfort him while he wiped off his Sweat, cry'd, Go on my Lord, all goes well, you have got marvelously through the Preface. Aye, cry'd the Bishop, I have gone pretty well through that, but the Devil take that *Paternoster*. This the King said he both heard and saw himself. These are Three of the Stories the King told, and which Yesterday I heard from his Royal Mouth. It is long since he has been in so pleasant a Humour, and they say the Occasion of it was from a Thing as pleasant; there appeared at Court the Day before, a Man with a very ill Countenance, who followed the King every where, and both at Mass and Table was observed to fix his Eyes upon him continually. So much Attention from an unknown Person, whose Physiognomy was so suspicious, began to be doubted even by the King himself, who gave order to enquire what his Business was, for he seemed to have some Design by being there; an Officer of the Guard was ordered to follow him, who found him musing in the Park, expecting the King's coming out to

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his

his Walk. The Officers saluted him civilly, and after having offered him his Service, knowing he was a Stranger. The poor Fellow, to acknowledge his Kindness, told his Name, Country, and Business; he proved a poor Devil of a Country Author, come to dedicate a foolish Book to the King, waiting only for a favourable Opportunity for it. This Officer soon gave an Account of his Business, and the King being glad to get rid of him for an *Epistle Dedicatory*, commanded the Author to be brought to him, and he received the Honour he sought, of saluting the King, and paying his humblest Reverence. They presented him to the Dauphin, and the Princes, and the Country Pedant returned with the greatest Joy, attributing all to his own Merit, which was only owing to his scurvy Looks and Mien. This pannick Fear being turned into Mirth and Laughter, gave the King that Stock of good Humour which we had the Pleasure of enjoying in the Evening. This, Madam, is all that I can send at present from *Fontainebleau*, in exchange for the fine Stories you have favoured me with: That of the Lady turned Mare may be put among the Tales of the Faries. I cannot comprehend how a Woman of any Education could tell it for a Truth, but with you I admire the Ladies Credulity. I confess the Adventure of Ma-
dam

dam *de Vernac* exceedingly touched me, and I cannot keep from trembling, when I think of the poor little Creatures being shut up alive in a horrid Grave, and in so bad Company; she was happy however in having made her Escape. I am so moved with it at this very Hour, that to banish such mournful Reflections, I will tell you a Freak of the Abbot *Croifat*, one of the Court Chaplains: You know they serve in their Quarter. This Abbot, with all the Wit Heaven has bestowed on him and his *Gascoign* Pronunciation, came the other Day to the King, and said, Sir, I am come to beg a Favour of your Majesty. What Favour, said the King? It is, answered the Chaplain, to change my Quarter, and that instead of waiting in the Months of *June*, *July*, and *August*, I may serve in those of *September*, *October* and *November*: And for what Reason do you desire it, replied the King? Sir, answered the Abbot, I sweat like a Swine, and spoil all your Majesty's rich Chapel Ornaments. This Reason, with his *Gascoign* Tone, and his manner of alledging it, made the King laugh. The young Folks about the Court have made it a Proverb *to sweat like a Swine*, being the common Expression when they are hot, yet *Croifat* has Merit, but every one hath his Folly. Never Man sooner dispatches a Mass; he is so quick

with it, that *Lully* formerly complained to the King he could find no interval for the Musick, and the King acquainting the Abbot, he replied, If *Lully* vex me, I will put the whole Mass into *Domine Salvum fac Regem*. *Lully* finding no way to bring him to Reason, contrived to get a Clerk who was as slow as the other was quick, so that it had been the same Thing, if the Abbot had not taken notice of it; but as soon as he perceived it, he cry'd out in his *Gascoign* Jargon, I am bit, and never after would endure any Clerk but his own, and *Lully* was forced to take Patience; but this Haste which the Abbot made, as much pleased the Courtiers, as it vex'd the Musicians, so true it is, what pleases one displeases another: But now we're speaking of *Lully*, the other Day I met with an Epitaph was made for him, which I must impart to you, in exchange for Mademoiselle *Fontanges*, which you were pleased to send me; you know that all the Qualities of *Orpheus* were attributed to him, whether good or bad, therefore will have no Difficulty to understand the Meaning of the Epitaph.

*And is he gone! the tuneful Orpheus dead!
Who mov'd and rais'd, and all our Passions
led:*

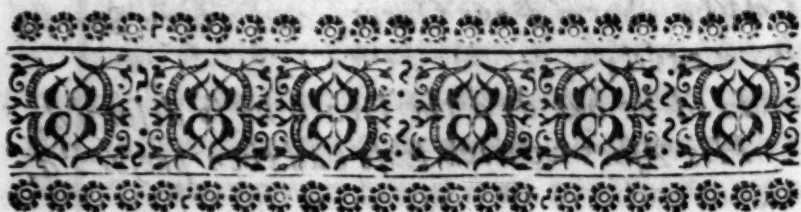
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*The Matchless Lully's Harmony is ceas'd,
 Who charm'd our Cares, and every Sorrow
 eas'd;
 Had he but dy'd the Death he so deserv'd,
 His Ashes we with Ease had then preserv'd.*

You see, Madam, I send you old News in my Turn, but hope it will not be the less agreeable; I wish it may please you, as much as all that comes from you does me. We expect here a terrible War will commence next Spring, for all Things are preparing towards it, which is enough to ruin the Kingdom, before it has recovered the Losses of the last. I doubt we shall buy the Crown of *Spain* at a dear Rate, and that it will cost us no small Matter to keep it. I think we are great Fools to undo our selves for the agrandizing others, and those too who will be so far from doing us Honour, that they'll scarce thank us, but rather look upon us as upon the unprofitable Servant in the Gospel, who does nothing but what was his Duty, but I must be silent for fear of saying too much.

I am, &c.





LETTER XXXIII.

From *THOULOUSE*.



T last, Madam, you find I am return'd to *Thoulouse*, the Parliament have begun their Session, and Diversions begin to take their ordinary Course; but I lament those I left at *Bagnieres*, though we should be content with wanting that we cannot have, when in a Travelling Condition, as I am, 'tis not fit to set our Heart too much on any Place; there is just gone from hence a young and beautiful Inhabitant of the Earth, who perfectly follows this Maxim, and has no Appearance of taking Root any where; she has been the Admiration of this whole Province, and I verily believe there was not a greater Crowd, when our Lord made his Entry into *Jerusalem*, then there was here following this Pilgrim. The Throng was
so

so great, that when it was known what Church she would go to, the whole City flock'd thither, and I with the rest, without knowing why. I was above Three Days without being able to come near her; but it is Time to acquaint you who this Pilgrim is. This is what I am able to say she is, or at least she says she is, the Niece of the famous Count *Staremburg*, who defended *Vienna*, and her Name is *Bilbiana*; she is tall and fine shaped, about Twenty Years old, fine complexion'd and fair Hair'd like a *German*; her Complexion is something pale, like a Person who uses all kinds of Austerities; now behold her Dress, she wears instead of a Smock a Hair-Cloath, and all the Implements of Penance, over this a Gown laced very tite, and for a Morning-Gown a Sack of black course Linnen, from the Neck to the Feet; her Girdle is a Rope like the *Cordeliers*, which makes a kind of Folds in the Sack, and has something the Air of a Cloak; there hangs by the Rope, a great Pair of Beads, a Death's-Head, and several Medals; on the other Side are Tin-Boxes, with Relicks and other Toys from *Rome*; she wears instead of a Scarf, a Rochet of Leather, beset with Cockle-Shells; her Head-Dress agrees with the rest of her Furniture, it consists in a Crown of Thorns, and covers the top of

her Head with a Taffety Coif roll'd over it, and a black Hat with large Brims tied under her Chin with a String; besides all this Equipage she is armed with a Pilgrim's Staff, all covered with Relicks, which she carries with as much Grace as an *Amazon* could her Lance: Thus harness'd and bare-footed, she has run about the World for several Years, without any dangerous Adventures befalling her. When she came to *Montpellier*, the Count *de Broglie*, who commands the Troops in that Country, and whom I have already told you marry'd the President *Riquet's* Daughter, having heard the wonderful Things this Pilgrim had undergone, understanding she went by the Way of *Thoulouse*, he obliged her to embark on the Canal, and sent People with her to defray all her Charges upon the Road, recommending her to his Son and Daughter-in-Law, who loaded her with those Honours which have much contributed to her Relief in this Country; it is Time to acquaint you with the Cause of her measuring the Earth in this strange manner, our *Thoulousian* Ladies having been very curious to inquire into it, and with which this Pilgrim has acquainted those of the first Quality, for it is not every one can approach her. She says, that from her Infancy she was possess'd by the Devil, and ardently

ardently desiring to be rid of such a wicked Guest, she in those Moments he suffered her to have some Respit, made a Vow to God, that if it would please him to deliver her, she would go on Pilgrimage to visit the Holy Places in *Palestina*. Heaven favourably received her Vows, and at the same Time she set upon her Journey, she could not have an Equipage suitable to her Quality, but her Friends contented themselves with choosing Twelve young Maids to accompany her in the same Habit. This uniform devout Troop, notwithstanding all the Measures that were taken for their Security, fell into the *Turks* Hands, who finding them to be *Germans*, carried them to *Constantinople*, where they were accused of being sent as Spies by the Emperor, under the Pretence of Devotion to carry on some mischievous Design against the *Ottomans*; and accordingly they were condemned to lose their Heads; they were carried to the Place of Execution, and her Twelve Companions suffered the same Sentence. As our Pilgrim was ready to endure the same, a Bassa who had formerly been taken by the Imperialists, and receiv'd many Favours from Count *Staremberg*, knew her, and stop'd the Executioner's Hand, who was ready to strike off her Head, taking all the Blame and Danger upon himself, gained quaint

quaint you how ; but Madam *Bilbiana* by his Means, when she got into Security, thank'd God for this Second Deliverance, and made a Vow to travel thus for Ten Years, and visit all the Holy Places in *Europe*, and then to be a *Carmelite* all her Life after ; she is come now from *Italy*, and is going to *Spain*. She never makes any Provision, nor carries any Money, but lives upon what Fruits and Herbs she finds in her Way, and in Season, or when they are not to be had she begs without any Ceremony, a Morsel of Bread, and if any be left she gives it to the Poor she meets, without concerning her self what she shall eat next. Another Time, for her Lodging, she says, when she comes to Places where there are Hospitals, she desires a Retirement as a Pilgrim, otherways she passes the Nights under a Bush, or the Shade of a Tree, or the most convenient Place she can find, assuring the Ladies never any Body made a scandalous Proposal to her, or any wicked Attempt upon her. I would rather devoutly believe her, then expose my self to Danger by a like Devotion, which is not according to my Inclinations. Having given her Relations no Account of her self, they suppose her destroy'd with her Companions at *Constantinople*, which so touch'd her Father with Grief, that he quitted the World, and
being

being a Widower became a Priest in *Italy*, where our Pilgrim says, in *Padua* she received the Sacrament from his Hands, without discovering her self to him, saying it was for her Mortification she refused her self this Satisfaction; but I think it was a cruel Obstinacy to conceal her self from her poor afflicted Father. To proceed, every one has their particular Devotions, and she is very much admired here, though perhaps every Body has not approved it. Be it as it will, she is strangely followed, having continued several Days in this City, because it is called *Thoulouse the Holy*; she has visited all the Churches, and the Bodies of the Saints; and our Ladies of the greatest Quality have honour'd her with their Company to all the Places of Devotion, and I, after having trotted about for several Days without being able to come near her, contriv'd one Morning, when I heard she would be at the *Cordeliers*, to get into the Coach which brought her, those that accompany'd her waiting for her Return at the Church Door; it was the President *Paget's* which attended on her that Day; his Lady, who knew me, told *Madam Bilbiana* who I was, and my Name; she not being able to withdraw, was forced to suffer my Complement, which was followed by desiring her Benediction, and the Assistance of her Prayers, which she immediately

diately promised me, as I believe, to be rid of me; I had, nevertheless, sufficient Time to consider both her Person and Dress, before I quitted my Post, therefore can acquaint you with them exactly: After this I left her Coach and went into my own, very proud with my Success, which made me many Enemies, there being such a Multitude who came in vain, some Ladies resolved to try the same Means I used, but it was impossible to attain them, for there was a Guard about the Coach, that no Body might get into it; in short, had you seen it, you would have laughed heartily; as for my Part, I believe our Pilgrim did it her self, to observe the Folly of this Country People, with the Admiration she has occasioned: I confess I laughed at my own, though authorised by such vast Numbers. At last she is gone; they gave her a Litter which will carry her to the Borders of *Spain*; she would not have accepted this, but our Zealous Ladies prevailed with their Confessors to enjoin it her, so she was compell'd to obey. They offer'd her a Woman to accompany her, but she excused her self because it would interrupt her Meditations, she taking only instead of all a little Sheep, which was put into the Litter with her; the devout, or rather the superstitious here, having recommended her to those of their Acquaintance, from Journey
to

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to Journey. They continue the same Honours to her as here ; in short, People are all run mad after her, nothing is talked of but this Pilgrim ; as it is the Lesson of the Day, I hope you will not take it amiss, if I make it that of this Letter : I hope in your Turn you will not fail to let me know what they are doing at *Paris*. I don't acquaint you with what passes in my Heart upon your Account. I flatter my self you are fully convinced of it, and that I may find the same Sentiments in yours, which I feel for you.

Madam, I am, &c.



LET.



LETTER XXXIV.

From *PARIS*.

YOU have given me a real Pleasure in your History of the Illustrious Pilgrim; I am of your Opinion upon this Article. Those sort of Devotions are not according to my Temper; they are of that kind also, which I rather choose to admire than imitate: You are in the Right to despise the Folly of flocking after this Virgin. I think the Proverb is applicable to this Case, which says all the Fools are not at *Paris*; but let us leave the World as it is at present, I having Things of more Importance to acquaint you with; it is the Death of King *William*, for here they call him no longer King of *England*, since our Affairs have begun to jangle, and that our King, after King *James's* Death, has owned the little Prince of *Wales*, as King
of

Great-Britain, under the Name of *James* the Third. The Death of King *William* is become the subject of all Conversations, every one argues from it according to their Understanding, or their Inclinations; our Zealots rejoice, while our new Converts are in a Consternation: They cannot cry at present the Sword of *Gideon*, being now supported by a weaker Arm, since it is a Woman's, for the *English* have proclaimed the Princess of *Denmark* in the Place of her Brother-in-Law; she has signalized the beginning of her Reign by a Declaration of War, of which her Predecessor had before laid the Foundation, e'er he dy'd, by making a League Offensive and Defensive with the *Dutch*, and with several other Sovereigns, whose Interest it is that the Treaty of Partition for the Monarchy of *Spain* should subsist. This League they say is so strongly fix'd, that King *William's* Death can bring no Prejudice to it; if it prove so, they who rejoice at it will find themselves in the wrong; however it is most certain the Age has lost a great Man, and that there is one Hero the less left. It is said a Fall off his Horse was the Occasion which hastened his Death. I know not how it is, but certainly he could not have lived long, for he was oppress'd with a Load of asthmatick Infirmities, but had a vigorous Mind in so weak a Body. It

is not long since the King said at Table, he believed the Prince of *Orange* would die before the Month of *April*, and it has so fallen out: Yet I cannot suppose he knew it by Revelation: I rather imagine it was from the Report of the Physicians, who had considered his Condition. The People did not commit all the Follies which they shewed heretofore, when they believed he was killed with Marshal *Schomberg* at the Battle of the *Boine*: You remember they made Bonfires in every Street of *Paris*; and after having emptied their Barrels of their Liquor, they burnt them before their Doors, as also Figures of Straw, upon the *Pont Neuf*, which they called the Prince of *Orange*, and Abundance pretended to signalize their Zeal by their Extravagance and Madness; but now the Joy seemed more moderate, and has made no such outward Appearance. I know not whether their Hatred to this Prince was diminished, or that they find we have no such great Occasion for Mirth in *France*, yet I think the last Reason the truer; but now we are talking of the Hatred they had to that Prince, the other Day I heard a ridiculous Instance of it; a Woman Zealot confess'd her self to a Priest of St. *Lazarus*, whose Name is *Barbets*. This Woman, after a general Confession of her Sins, and having received Absolution,

Absolution, went toward the Altar to receive the Sacrament, but turn'd back again to the Confessional, where she again fell upon her Knees to the Priest, and told him she had an Enemy she hated, and wished him dead, and it was impossible for her to overcome that Hatred, or to have any Thoughts of Favour to him; but if she could she would stab him a Hundred Times: *Barbet* was scandalized with such a Madness, telling his Penitent she was not in a Condition fit to receive the Eucharist, and revoked his Absolution, unless she would destroy such Sentiments of Hatred and Revenge as were in her Heart; but she would do nothing towards it; and Things had remain'd in this Obscurity, if the Curiosity of the Confessor, which you know is so natural to that sort of People, had not endeavour'd to know the Name of the Enemy; who, she told him, was the Prince of *Orange*, at which Word the Confessor's Face became serene, and he approved that Hatred, which but a Moment before he accounted damnable, and in favour of it praised her Zeal, promising her a higher Degree of Glory in Heaven, besides an Indulgence for all the Sins she should commit. You see how Circumstances change Things: You may think, perhaps, this is a Tale invented, but I seriously assure you, it fell out as I have related,

for this Zealot is my Relation, and her Name is Madam *de Marsolier* ; she lives at *Chaqueil*, where she has a Country-House ; the Priest's Name I have already mention'd. But at last, behold, this dreadful Enemy is dead, and I doubt much whether we shall be e'er the better for it, for it is certain a Bloody War is beginning again afresh, which will bring with it such Taxes, as will utterly ruin us : For my part I will be no longer a Tool, but instead of diminishing either my Family or my Kitchen, as I did formerly in the like Case. I am resolved to augment both, and assist the King to devour my Estate, that it may be done the sooner. To what purpose is it to languish, since sooner or later our last Earthing must go ; therefore let us live and make the best Cheer we can while we have something left ; we shall go but the sooner to the Hospital ; and this is my Opinion, follow it who will. All our Beau-Officers are diligent how to find Money to make their Equipages ; and the poor Count *Albert* would be very glad to have the Regiment again which he has lost. I don't remember whether you were here or no when this Misfortune befell him ; it was a kind of a Quarrel he had with a *Danish* Gentleman, which caused his Disgrace, they giving this Dispute, of which the Dutchess of *Luxembourg* was the Occasion,

sion, the Name of a Duel ; the Count *D'Albert* and the Count *D'Uzez* being comprehended in it, were obliged to fly. Monsieur *Barbeseux*, who you know is Brother-in-Law to the Count *D'Uzez*, found Means to give Things another Turn, and prevailed with those Gentlemen to surrender themselves Prisoners in the Prison of the *Conciergerie*, from whence they were discharged some Time after ; but the Count *D'Albert* lost his Regiment, which cost him Forty Thousand Crowns, by which his Affairs must needs be something disordered. Count *d'Uzez* come off cheaper, and the *Danish* Gentleman was quit for going out of the Kingdom as he was commanded, in which doubtless he intended not to settle. The poor Dutchess of *Luxembourg* has not escap'd better, for by the Means of these Gentlemen, her Reputation has been made bold with ; and this Vexation has drawn another upon her as disagreeable. *La Mopin*, who boasts of an honourable Passion for the Count *d'Albert* took a Freak in her Head, and when the Dutchess was hearing Mass at *St. Roch*, she came up to her Prayer-Book, and told her in a Threatening Tone, That if she continued to listen to Count *d'Albert's* Passion, she should be shot through the Head with a Pistol Bullet, all those who know *la*

L 2 *Mopin*,

Mopin believe her capable of doing what she said. The Dutchess taking this Alarm which *la Mopin's* Madness had raised, it caused both Court and City to talk more at the poor Lady's cost; see what the Beautiful are exposed to, when they will make use of their Charms. It was happy for her poor *Savary* was murdered about this time; for his Tragical Story drew off the Discourse of the Town from her; supposing you heard of it, I won't send it you, but in its stead one newly happen'd to *Madam de B—*; you know her Mother admits open Gaming at her House; a Gentleman, called the *Marquis de St. André*, whom *Basset* and *Lansquennet* had brought thither, found the young Lady we are speaking of much to his Mind; and after some Sighs in the Beau Manner, and telling her at proper Times how much he loved her, he took Occasion to make a fine Diamond Ring, valued at a Thousand Louis d'Ors, or more, sparkle in her Eyes: *Madam de B—* dazzled with its Lustre, after admiring it with the rest of the Company, said to the Marquess, this is an extraordinary fine Ring. It is at your Service, answer'd the Marquis. You are extream obliging, replied the Lady, but I shall not impose upon your Civility, knowing your Offer is but a Complement proceeding from good Breeding. No, Madam, said he, speaking

speaking softly, you are in the Wrong to take it in that Sense, for you cannot more sensibly oblige me, than by accepting the Offer I make you of this Ring ; and I should be charmed if you please to receive this Mark of my Passion, on Condition that you will please at the same Time to give me some Proofs of yours. In short, Madam, you are a Lady of Understanding, consider whether it pleases you, and give me the happy Opportunity to lay it upon your Toilette. I can say no more, it is your part to find a Time you think most proper, which as soon as I know, you may judge of my Passion, by the Obedience I shall pay to your Commands. Mademoiselle *de B*—— thought this a most Elegant Discourse ; never did the Billet of that good Man *Paget*, for Ten Thousand Louis d'Ors, give more Pleasure to Madam *d'Olonne* ; therefore she found no great Difficulty to be perswaded, and between Jest and Earnest, she answered *St. André*, That the Pleasure of seeing so pretty a Gentleman at her Toilette, was enough to engage her to see him, though she should hazard something for it, and expose her self to her Mother's chiding her. But however, said she, I will so contrive it, she shall know nothing of it. I can trust my Maid, whose Understanding will secure me in this Affair, if you will come to Mor-

row Morning by Eight of the Clock, you will find her in my Anti-Chamber; my Mother never rises 'till Ten, and you may stay with me 'till near that Time, without fearing any Thing; and I beseech you to believe in what I do for you I have no other Thing in View but your self, and that the Ring has no part in it; however bring it, said she, laughing, for I would gladly keep it for your sake. The Marquis was a little surprized she came so close to the Matter, and having heard her with much Attention, he said to her with a melancholy Air, Ah, how wretched am I that I cannot make use of the favourable Disposition you are in towards me, but am indispensably obliged to be at *Versailles* to Morrow, and to stay there 'till *Wednesday*, when the King goes to *Marli*. If it concerned my Fortune only, I would sacrifice it to the Happiness you afford me with all my Heart; but the King's Service is concerned in it, and I have given my Word to the Ministers, therefore there is no way to avoid it, and I am troubled to the last Degree; but charming Creature, must I lose my Felicity, because I am forced to delay it, will you not be so good to preserve the same tender Sentiments till *Thursday* Morning, and pity me who am obliged to wait so long a Time; you may be sure I will be punctual, unless
I am

I am dead with Impatience for waiting so long. The Damsel, charm'd with the passionate Accents with which the Marquis said all this, consented to defer the Assignment till *Thursday*. Thus, being agreed, our Lovers came again to the Table where they were at play, least too long a Conversation should have been suspected by the Company; pray observe it was *Sunday* Night when they took this fine Resolution. When the playing was done, the Marquis retired, as the rest did; and next Morning, instead of going to *Versailles*, he went to a Jeweller's, where he shut himself up 'till he had counterfeited the Ring, so that it was not easy to distinguish it from the true one: The Work being finish'd in the Time St. *André* had the Precaution to take for it, he came away with his rare Jewel on *Thursday* Morning, to his Mistress's Toilette; the Servant having introduced him, and left him with her alone, and like an Artist, who knows his Business, stood Centinel at a Distance, to keep out troublesome People. Monsieur St. *André* begun his Addresses with presenting the Ring, and the Damsel made it a Point of Honour to keep her Word, though with the Loss of her Vertue: Thus the Condition of the Treaty being performed on both Sides, they parted content, especially the fair Lady, with the Acquisition she had

made;

made; and as her Mother must know she had the Ring, one Time or another, she put it on her Finger the same Day, not being able to refuse herself the Pleasure of that rich Ornament she had purchas'd. As soon as she was set down at Table, her Mother failed not observing it. How came you by the Marquis *de St. André's* Ring, said she? It is not his now, answered the young Lady, for the last Time he was here he made me a present of it: That is impossible, reply'd the Mother, Presents of that Consequence are not usually made, and you are very much in the wrong to accept such a one without acquainting me, for my Permission. But, Madam, said the fair One, I did not believe he was in earnest at first; I only said it was a fine Ring, and he took it off his Finger, telling me, It was at my Service: I took it only as in Jest, and so intended, but he assured me with so much Earnestness I should keep it, that I did so, supposing he would come for it next Day; but it being above Three since, and hearing nothing from him, I was desirous you should see it, and hope you won't be angry if I keep it 'till it be ask'd for. Willingly, said her Mother, but I doubt that will not be long, or I am strangely deceived, or there must be something more in it; nothing is given for nothing, nor Presents of that Consequence
are

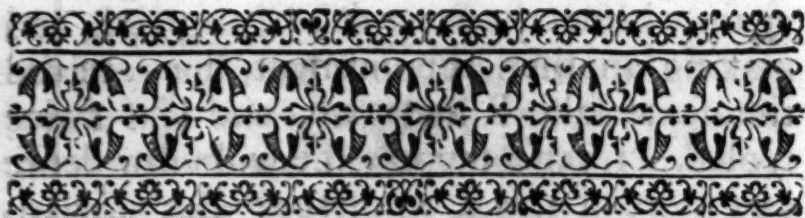
are not made so Generously. Upon this she sent for a Jeweller, who having examined it, found it was false, and Madam *de B*— laugh'd at her Daughter's Credulity. I knew, said she, such Presents are not made for nothing, those of a Thousand Louis d'Ors are not in Fashion: This may teach you another Time, not to accept the Offers Men make you in our Days; they are not such Cullies, and we should always stand upon our Guard with them, pray return the Ring, for though it is not much worth, those that suppose it otherways, may look upon it as a Present of Consequence, with which the Marquis won't fail to gratifie his Vanity. The poor Daughter could well have spared her Mother's Reflections, who had those much more melancholy of her own upon this Adventure, in which every Circumstance was sufficiently mortifying, and accordingly she gave her self up to despair, going into her Closet, where she shut her self up to spend the rest of the Day in Tears. In the Evening, when they went to play, she was sent for by her Mother to the Room, who dared not disobey. The first Object she met in that Apartment, being the Marquess *de St. André*, who address'd her with great Assurance. You need not doubt she look'd on him with all the Disdain and Contempt requisite: Here, cry'd she, take
the

the unworthy Present you made me, I did not desire it ; you know what it has cost me, and may be assured it shall cost you dear. The Marquess took the Ring with great Coldness, and with Slight of Hand turning about, convey'd it into his Pocket, and taking out the true one unperceived, he came to the Play-Table, where drawing a Card, they admired the Beauty of his Ring. Gentlemen, said the Marquess, you do but jest, Mademoiselle says it is false. Nay, as to that, Sir, answer'd the Mother, who had a mind to mortifie him, my Daughter is not altogether in the wrong, for a Jeweller chancing to come hither, declared it was false. I will lay any Wager, said one of the Company who understood Jewels, it is right and fine : Upon which the Argument growing warm, they sent for several of the best Jewellers in *Paris*, who all affirmed it was true; and that he who had said otherways, was a Blockhead. The young Lady regretted her parting with it, and would have been glad to recover it again: She beg'd the Marquess's Pardon, excusing the Freak she had given it him in. It signifies nothing, Madam, answered he, only I hope, for the future you will do me more Justice; and to shew you I am not what you take me for, I will bring you the same Ring upon the same Conditions as before. The Lady, having
made

made the first Step, knew not how to go back again without the Second. They agreed, and making another Appointment, she received the same false Ring again, and was twice fooled. I can't suppose she will now desire any more of this Commerce: But this Adventure is known Abroad, I cannot tell whether by her Indiscretion, or by that of the Marquess; be it which it will her Reputation is lost, and she has no way left but to hide her self in a Convent, or leave her Country, for I doubt it will be no easie Matter to get her a Husband, after what has pass'd. Yet, though she has brought this Unhappiness upon her self, I cannot but be sorry for her, because I am acquainted with her Family, and I believe you will pity her too, tho' her Adventure may justly make you laugh at her. I could not forbear sending it to you, and if it could be told without naming the Persons, it might be serviceable to the Publick, as a Land-Mark, since this Example may serve for a Lesson to the Conquers, who, as the Song says, only aim at the Purse. I have for my Part some Indulgence for those Weaknesses, which Love only has occasion'd, but I cannot forgive those of Avarice, there is too much Coldness in them, adieu.

I am.

LETTER



LETTER XXXV.

From THOULOUSE.

KING *William's* Death was soon known here, yet with all the Care that was taken to publish it every where, the first News came from me ; for which, Madam, I am obliged to you, who have given me the Occasion of valuing my self upon it : For, in short, as when we are at *Rome*, we must do as *Rome* does ; I must be a *Gascoign* amongst the *Gascoigns* : If you did but see what an Idea they have of me in this Country. They believe I am initiated into the deepest Councils of the Greatest, though I owe this high Reputation only to your Goodness, which informs me, and gives me this Intelligence. They argue here as they do at *Paris*, upon this King's Death, some rejoice, others are grieved ; and I who neither am a new Convert, nor
a Bigot

a Bigot, leave them either to rejoice or mourn, without being of either Party, the publick Affairs not concerning me so nearly as those of my Family. Yet I must tell you I don't believe this Change can make any great Alteration in the present Situation of Affairs; for they say the new Queen of *England* was proclaim'd with the universal Consent and Inclination of all her Subjects. Those who were distinguished by the Name of *Jacobites* seem now content to see a Princess on the Throne, who, they say, has all the Qualities requisite for the happy Government of her People, and they hope she will prove a second *Elizabeth*, whose Memory is still in great Veneration among them, who observe the Reigns of their Queens have always been flourishing in their Country. If this be so, there will be no great Occasion of rejoicing on our Side: But what does this signify to us? If we were wise enough not to concern our selves with the Quarrels of Princes, it would make us much the more easy; let us even help the King to eat up our Estates, and sing the while.

*Tho' Earth and Sea in Flames appear,
We'll drink in Peace our Nectar here.*

I know a Gentleman who has newly raised a Troop of Dragoons, which has something perplex'd

perplex'd his Affairs : He told me t'other Day he went to his Uncle to desire his Assistance in the Case ; the good Man said to him, Nephew, do you believe when the King has taken a Town in *Flanders*, or in *Catalonia*, that he will give it you for a Reward of the Expence you have been at ? No, Sir, answered the Gentleman, I reckon upon no such Matter ; you are therefore a Blockhead, replied the Uncle, to venture your Life, and ruin your self for nothing : Take my Advice, go and be quiet in your own Estate ; and if any Body will attempt to drive you out of it, or dispute your Title, then you may depend upon my Assistance, and that of my Friends ; but I entreat you expect no other. The Captain of Dragoons left him very ill satisfied, and telling the Story, curst his Uncle heartily ; and yet methinks his Reasoning was very just, so just that this honest Man seems the first true *Frenchman* that has spoken with sound Reason upon a Subject of this Nature. But to return to Affairs in *England*, I must acquaint you here pass'd by a *Swiss* Gentleman, who came from thence, and has brought the freshest News. You know the *Swiss* are Friends with all the World, like *Sofia*, and have Liberty to travel into those Countries, which are Enemies to one another. He was at *London* when

when King *William* died, and came not away 'till the new Queen was crowned. He saw the whole Ceremony of her Coronation, of which he gave us a most particular Relation, as I have promised to do the same to you of all that happens in my Travels. I will recite all he has acquainted us with, to you, believing it will be welcome, because I am certain you have yet had no such in *Paris*. As to the Death of King *William*, he says, a Fall from his Horse, when he was Hunting, might be the hastening Cause of it, by the violent Agitation of the Body, which was before much indisposed : But however it might be, this Prince died without any Fear or Apprehension of Death ; and, as a good Christian, set his Conscience in order ; and like, a great Politician, provided for the Security of his People, by taking the justest Measures to strengthen and maintain the firmest Union between his Allies. You must remember I am but the Eccho of the *Swiss* Gentleman, therefore must not be offended with my Expressions. After all, said he, when this Prince had settled all Things in order, finding himself decline apace, he desired they would hasten to administer the Sacrament to him ; for it is not according to the *English* Religion to carry it, but the Priest goes into the Chamber of the Sick, and
there

there consecrates or blesses the Bread and Wine, which he is to administer ; the King received the Symbols of the Body and Blood of our Lord with great Signs of Piety, and died in a little Time after, taking care to close his Eyes himself. When his Body was opened there was very little Blood found in it, and nothing found but his Heart and Brains. He was carried from *Kensington*, where he died, to *Westminster*, and from thence in the Night he was buried without Pomp in *Henry the Seventh's Chapel*. But it may be said, added the *Swiss*, every Heart erected to him a *Mausoleum*, worthy his Memory. When the Princess *Anne* was proclaimed with the united Voice of the People, Prince *George of Denmark*, her Husband, was the first that saluted her as Queen ; but when he kiss'd her Hand to pay her his Homage, she embraced him tenderly. In the Evening, being fatigued with the Ceremonies and Compliments she was obliged to go through, this first Day of her Reign, she sent to tell the Prince it was time to go to Bed, kindly complaining that he made her stay for him ; but he answered in the same manner, he did not know how a Subject dared approach his Queen's Bed, without her Commands ; but she informed him, all the Dignity which was now accrued to her, would not diminish the Right he

he had in her Person: Thus they went to Bed with that great Affection which they have ever maintain'd. Never any Marriage of private Persons was more united than theirs. When all Things were settled they proceeded to the Queen's Coronation, chusing St. *George's* Day, who is the Patron of *England*: The Cathedral of *Westminster* is the Place appointed for these Ceremonies, where Places were magnificently prepared, and abundance of Scaffolds built, and hired at a great Rate, to see the Procession of the Day; for the anointing is in the Choir, under which a Pavillion was set up for that Purpose. The Queen came from St. *James's*, where the Court is at present, since the burning of *Whitehall* some Years since. She cross'd the Park to come to the Cathedral, with the Sound of Drums and Trumpets, and other Instruments, the Barons Ladies of *England* beginning the March, the Viscountesses next, and then the Countesses, and last of all the Marchionesses and Dutcheses: Their Heads were dress'd in the *Roman* Manner, with Robes and Cloaks, which hung behind them, fastned with Buckles of Diamonds; all of them being covered with abundance of Jewels, and each carrying her Coronet in her Hand, enrich'd with Pearl and Diamonds, bigger or lesser according to their Degree;

for in that Country none assumes a greater than is their due. After this numerous shining Troop, who march'd in great order by two and two, came the Barons, Viscounts, Earls, Marquisses and Dukes, habited in their ancient Manner, and each carrying his Coronet in his Hand; two Lords followed representing the Dukes of *Normandy* and *Aquitain*, who closed the March, with two Straw Hats, or at least covered with Gold Tissue, in such a manner as to look like Straw, such being essential; it being supposed those whom they represented had worn such. Prince *George* immediately preceded the Queen, she being in her Royal Robes, three young Ladies of the highest Quality holding up her Train: She entered the Church with a sweet, but Majestick Air, looking with great Goodness on the People who encompass'd her; she plac'd herself in the Choir, and heard the Archbishop of *Tork's* Sermon upon these Words; *He shall give them Princes for nursing Fathers, and Princesses for nursing Mothers.* Then the Queen Communicated, and took her Coronation-Oath; after which she was anointed by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and crowned Queen of *Great-Britain*, the Abbey ecchoing with the Acclamations of her People by their repeated Huzza's; the Sun itself, which had not shined out for several Days

Days in the Horizon, did at that Moment break thro' the Clouds to solemnize the Day, which was taken for a good Augury. At last the Queen came out of the Cathedral with her Imperial Crown upon her Head, bearing in one Hand a Globe, and in the other her Scepter: The Ladies who preceded her, having then their Coronets on their Heads, which they had carried in their Hands when they came. The Queen sat down in St. *Edward* the King's Chair; after which she went into the great Hall of *Westminster*, where Dinner was prepared; but it was seven of the Clock before Her Majesty sat down to Table: During this Feast, the Champion of *England* appeared on Horse-back, armed Cap-a-pee, and casting his Gauntlet on the Ground proclaimed aloud, *That if any Man dared pretend, that ANNE STUART was not Lawful Queen of England, he should take up his Gauntlet, and he would fight him Hand to Hand*; but you will easily believe no Body accepted this Challenge: Then he made his Horse Caracoll, without stumbling or falling, which is also esteem'd another good Pre-sage, for he fell when K. *James* was crowned. But this Reign was begun with all auspicious Signs, which perswades the *English* it will be happy. The Queen drank her Champion's Health in a Golden Cup, and then

presented it to him, which as soon as he had emptied he put in his Pocket. When this Repast was ended, the Queen went into the Parliament-House, and from thence to St. James's in the same manner as she came. Thus ended this great Ceremony, and the Gentleman's Narration of it; which was something more circumstantial: But I thought fit to abridge it, for fear of a Volume instead of a Letter. He told us, that among all the Ladies who accompanied the Queen, the Lady *Strafford*, Daughter of the Countess *de Roy*, and consequently a *French* Woman, was observed for her noble Air and Magnificence, which extreamly pleased us, for the Honour of our Country. A Lady of *Montpellier*, who had been present at this Recital, took her Handkerchief, and wiping those Tears from her Eyes she could not restrain, we desired upon it to know the Occasion. The afflicted Lady having some time excused her self, told us, she strove to avoid those Tears which she owed to the Remembrance of a Person that was very dear to her; then turning towards the *Swiss*; perhaps, said she, that Gentleman may have formerly seen the Countess of *Lincoln* in her Rank at another Coronation, who is my Sister: Was the Countess of *Lincoln* then your Sister, Madam, said he: I know her Name very well: Yes, Sir,

replied

replied she, she was my Sister; and as I am, so was she, Daughter of a considerable Country Gentleman, who having several Sons could not provide for his Daughters by such Fortunes as otherwise he might have done; so there was no Expectation of a great Portion: But the Charms of my Sisters Person made amends for her want of Riches. The Earl of *Lincoln*, according to the Custom of the Men of Quality of his Country, travelled into *France*, and by an Inclination, natural to the *English*, he spent some time at *Montpellier*, where he saw my Sister, who was called *Mademoiselle de Verune*; she pleased him, and as She was too wise, and too well bred, for him to hope any Thing from her but in an honourable way, he made no farther Hesitation, but asked my Father's Consent to marry her; the Match was too advantageous to be refused, though my Mother was extreemly unwilling to part with her so far, yet she would not hinder her Daughter's good Fortune, so that the Marriage was accomplish'd; and my Lord, after some stay in that Country, carried his Wife Home. He own'd his as Countess of *Lincoln*, notwithstanding his Mother's Repugnance, who would not consent to this Marriage, though afterwards, charmed with the Temper and Accomplishments she found in my

Sister, she became her best Friend, and espoused her Interest against her own Son. For the Earl of *Lincoln*, by an Inconstancy to which most Men are subject, ceased loving her, and parted from her; but gave her an Allowance suitable to her Quality; out of which she lay'd by something every Year to defray the Expence of her Funeral, having ordered in her Will to be buried with all the Ceremony and State of an *English* Countess; and desiring her Lord, if what she left was not sufficient, to supply it, which he accordingly did, acknowledging she had born his Name with Honour even to her Grave. When the Lady had ended her Story, and been thank'd for it, several Reflections were made on this poor Countess's Fortune, and her Husband's Inconstancy was much blamed. The *Swiss* Gentleman was asked several Questions of his Observations in *England*; he told us several I had before observed in the Memoirs of the Countess *de Dunois*: Above all he gave us an Account of the Courage and Firmness with which the *English* Encounter Death, even those; whose Crimes expose them to suffer the most Ignominious; they receive their Sentence with great Coldness and Temper, inviting their Friends and Relations to see them die, as if they had bid them to their Wedding, giving them white Gloves and
Cock-

Cockades of Ribbon for their Hats; and having treated them with the best they could, they went chearfully to *Tyburn*, the Place of Execution. Those of any Distinction are carried in a Coach, with their Coffin tied behind it, like a Portmanteau; the rest go in a Cart, where they hang a great many at a Time; but the Persons invited go on Horse-back, making their Horses caper and caracol round the Coaches and Carts. Our *Swiss* told us he had the Curiosity, before he came away, to go see one of these Executions at *Tyburn*, which is the *Greve* of *London*, and saw among a Crowd of those who were invited by those that were to die, one of their Wives in a Hackney-Coach, who in her Excess of Tenderness, accompanied her Husband to the Gallows, to pay him her last Duties; just before the Execution, she came out of the Coach, and running to embrace him, took a Bottle of Brandy out of her Pocket, and made him drink to encourage him in his Voyage; then she embraced him again, and took her last Farewel with dry Eyes; she went into the Coach again, leaning all the while on the Door to see him die. Is not this an extraordinary manner of shewing the Tenderness of their Affections? But every one has their way of Loving in this World, and there is no disputing of Custom.

Custom. I hope this Letter will be agreeable to you, be not displeased therefore, though it comes something too late, since you have lost nothing by the Delay ; for had I writ sooner I could not have given you the Account of the Coronation in *England*: I believe they will cut us out Work in that Kingdom in a little Time. I have not yet heard the Story of Monsieur *Savari*, and beseech you to have the Goodness to give it me.

I am, MADAM, &c.



LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

From PARIS.

Sincerely, Madam, there is a great deal of Pleasure in maintaining a Commerce by Letters with you; 'tis what not only gives me an Account of the Country wherein you are, but also of Foreign Nations: I assure you, I believe, should I print your Letters, they would make an extraordinary agreeable Book: There would be in it, as in the Romances of *Madam de Scudery*, all the contemporary Events of our Times; and they would have over and above the Charms of Truth. Your News from *England*, has much pleased me, and so much the more, neither of us having ever seen such a Solemnity here; and not to run in your Debt, I will entertain you also with something Foreign. They write from *Holland* that the Arch-Duke has been there, and is owned King of *Spain*, under the Name of *Charles* the Third; he is embark'd also to take Possession of those Kingdoms he pretends justly belong to him; I send you some Verses made upon it at the *Hague*.

To



TO THE
ARCH-DUKE,

When Owned KING of Spain.



Great Prince, thy Virtue far out strips
thy Tears,

Like the Meridian Sun, thy Fame
appears.

No more let Poets fabled Heroes urge,
Thou truly art the haughty Tyrant's Scourge;
Go, where immortal Glory waits your Nod,
Insuperable, as War's Victorious God.
The Vows of Europe san thy glorious Way:
Th' Iberians, taught thy Ancestors t' obey;
In you alone their Masters Blood confess,
And glowing to your lifted Standard press.
Traytors by Fraud and Forgery in vain,
To Strangers sacrifice thy rightful Spain;
Their Projects all shall vanish into Air,
No useless Thunder does thy Eagle bear.

The Duke of Savoy is also entred into this
League, and the King may now truly say,
All the World against me, and I against all
the World; and besides this dreadful War,
which

which he must support without his Kingdom, we fear another in the Heart of it. Many People are said to have taken Arms in the *Cevennes*, and the Mareschal de *Montrevel* is march'd to reduce them to Reason. This is all I can inform you of at present of publick Affairs; as to private, I must acquaint you the Countess of *Dunois* is dead, who has immortalized her self by the noble Writings she has given the Publick. *Mademoiselle de Scudery* is dead also, and Monsieur *Pavillon* is not like to continue long; they say, when he obtain'd the Pension of Two Thousand Livers which the late Monsieur *Racine* enjoy'd, Madam de *Pontchartrain* sending him the Patent, acquainted him, it was only till something better happen'd. Monsieur *Pavillon* bid the Messenger to tell her, she must do what Favour she intended quickly, for his Time would not stay for it long; these are great Losses to the Republick of Letters. Madam de *Camus Milecon* presented the King with a Nosegay on St. *Lewis's*-Day, with his Majesty's Picture when he was very young, and this Copy of irregular Stanza's.

*When Heaven was pleas'd to grant its Grace,
(To a King and Queen who had no Race)
Of Bourbon's Royal Blood to extend the Line
Nature was order'd to design*

So

So rich a Creature
 Both in Form, in Air, and Feature,
 That for ever it should be
 A Prince's Modell to Futurity,
 Compar'd with such proportion'd Art,
 In which the purest Matter only should have
 part,
 And full Perfection shine :
 A Work approaching to Divine.
 Nature perplex'd at this Command,
 Fearing her unaccustom'd Hand
 Should fall in some Mistake
 So great a mortal Master-piece to make ;
 She said, This Sovereign Command to obey,
 Requir'd above a Fear to make th' Essay,
 That she might trace the Heaven's about,
 Heroes and Demy God's find out,
 That all their Beauties and Perfections shown,
 Might be united into one.
 This being allowed, when she had told her Story
 (Designing to her self no little Glory)
 She assembl'd Wisdom, Courage, Strength and
 Grace,
 Vertue, and Victory, in due Place,
 With all the richest Treasures join'd,
 Could form the Body, or inform the Mind.
 This wond'rous Figure would you view,
 This little Miniature will show it you.

The King took it extream kindly, and in
 Exchange made a Present to Madam de
 Camus

Camus of his Picture enrich'd with Diamonds. Now we are got among the Wits, I was told of an Adventure that happen'd the other Day to the late Monsieur *Pelisson*, and Monsieur *de la Bastide*, who were both Citizens of *Pernassus*, and both Protestants. Monsieur *Pelisson*, having chang'd his Religion to get out of the *Bastile*, was following the Sacrament which was carrying to a sick Man: Monsieur *de la Bastide*, who continued a Protestant, happening to be in the Street, got out of the Way; but when Monsieur *Pelisson* perceived him, remembring *Marot's* Psalms, he said in his Ear,

*Let God but shew himself, full sudden they
Shall quit the Place, and fly away.*

To which Monsieur *de la Bastide* answer'd without Hesitation, holding him by the Arm.

*But Curse on Curse, shall fall full sore,
On such who these strange Gods adore.*

Taking his Answer from the very same Place the other took his Question, than which, nothing could be more apt. When I was going to tell you there was no Country of more ready Wit than the *Gascoigne*, I did not remember both these Gentlemen are *Gascoigns*, but let me say something also in
favour

favour of the *Normans* ; I will therefore acquaint you with a Repartee of the young Marquis *de Tierceville*, Son of the King's Lieutenant at *Dieppe*, at a Lady of Qualities House, where one of those forward Coxcombs, who will be most considerable every where, had introduc'd him. This prating Coxcomb, with his confident Air, cry'd, Madam, this Gentleman I present to you is the Marquis *de Tierceville*, and is not so great a Fool as he looks to be. Madam— smartly answer'd *Tierceville*, That is the Difference between him and I; every one owns, That the Answer is *à Propos*, and stopt the babbling of the presumptuous Introducer; see what use Wit is of. The Duke *de Roquelaure*, who uses the Edge of his to his Neighbour's Cost, put Monsieur *d'Hermonville* out of Countenance at Palais-Royal; that Gentleman has accustomed himself to say in his Salutation to every one, I kiss your Hands, and meeting there the Prince of *Condè*, who spoke to him graciously, he failed not to make use of his Circular Compliment, and afterwards to the Dauphin, who was there also, and enquired whither the Prince was gone. He will be here immediately said the Duke *de Roquelaure*; he is gone but to wash his Hands after Monsieur *D'Hermonville* has kiss'd 'em; all laugh'd at this Whim, except poor *D'Hermonville*,

monv'ille, the Laughter not being on his Side. It is now Time to give you the Story of Monsieur *Savary*, which you have desired: He was a kind of Philosopher of the *Epicurean* Sect, his House stood in the Street called the *Dejeuneurs*, and having neither Wife nor Child, he lived in a By-part of the Town, where the Men of Wit both of the Court and City, used to meet often to enjoy the Pleasures of Life with greater Liberty. Monsieur *Savari*, though a Cripple with the Gout, contributed his Part in this Society, by the abundance of his Wit; his whole Retinue was a Man-Servant, and a Cook-Maid; but he was enjoying himself without Ambition or Covetousness, when he was forced to leave this Life in a most terrible Manner; one Day, when he was alone, a Man of his Acquaintance came to dine with him, whom he received with Kindness; and to make him more welcome, ordered his Man to draw some *Champaigne*-Wine. The Guest, who knew the House, said to Monsieur *Savari* he would follow his Servant to see he should bring the best; as soon as he got down to him, he took a Lever or great Pole, which lay by, and beat out his Brains, and a Dog's, in the same Manner, fearing he should bark; the Maid, who was making a Fricassee of Chickens in the Kitchen, had the same Fate, and was left

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dead

dead upon the Floor with the Lever; and all this in less Time than I have taken to tell it you; the very Cat did not escape, this exterminating Villain sacrificing it to his Rage: After which he went into Monsieur Savari's Chamber, who was the chief Object of it, he not being in a Condition to help himself, nor to escape, being a meer Cripple, could not avoid the Blows of the same Lever, which destroy'd him also in the like manner as his Servants. After this barbarous Murther, he who had been the Cause of all, writ in a Book which lay upon the Table, the Manner in which he had transacted it, but without his Name. There stood a Pendulum upon the Mantle-piece of the Chimney, with a Death's-Head upon it, and this Motto: *Look upon it and reform your Life.* But there was found these Words written under the other, *Consider his Life, and you will not be surprized at his Death.* In short, the Murtherer, whoever he was, went off, after having fully satisfied his Revenge, shutting the Door after him, without taking away the least Thing in the House. Those who came to visit Monsieur Savari, wondred to find his Door fast shut, and that no Body came to open it when they knock'd; they knew the Master was not able to go abroad, and doubted some Misfortune had fallen out; they

they stay'd not long before they broke open the Door, and were astonish'd to find nothing but dead Bodies, without any Blood spilt, they dying by the dry Blows of a Lever. They found the Cloth laid, and all the Plate on the Side-Table, not one single Piece being missing, and therefore concluded it could not be the Work of Robbers. They informed the Magistrate who came to the House, where making an Inventory of the Papers and Writings, they found a Woman's Letter written to Monsieur *Savari*, in which she said, ' We are undone, my Husband is informed of all; think of some Remedy; *Paparel* can bring him to a Settlement of his Mind; make him speak with him, without which there is no hope of Safety.' This Letter was neither subscribed nor dated, but the said *Paparel* was summon'd before the Judge, whom he told he understood nothing of what that Letter meant, and that it was true he had been a Friend of Monsieur *Savari's*, but the least of those who frequented his House; and in truth, though he was one of the Treasurers in ordinary of the War, very rich, a Man of Pleasure and debauch'd, yet Monsieur *Savari's* Intimates were of much higher Quality, such as the Duke *de Vendosme*, and others of the greatest Noblemen of the Court. In short, all they could learn was, that some Body,

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whose Wife or Daughter had been dishonour'd by the Contrivance of Monsieur *Savari*, had made this Sacrifice to their Injury and Resentment. Thus Things were no further penetrated into, for fear of discovering some Mysteries which were not thought proper to be made known, though several People were apprehended, who were afterwards set at Liberty, least they should have told more than was thought fit to be heard, for which Reason *Savari's* Murther has gone unrevenge'd. Here is an Order publish'd concerning Beggars, by which, for the first Offence, they are condemn'd to the Pillory, the second to be whipt; and it would have gone even to hanging, if the Dauphin had not opposed it. Which Order has been already executed, several of those miserable Wretches having been tied together and whipt; one being a poor old Soldier of Seventy Years of Age, who said while they were tying him for his Punishment, God be prais'd! I have spent my Youth in the King's Service, who broke me when he had no further Occasion for me; and now I am grown old and very poor, I must be whipt for my Reward, because I beg'd a Morsel of Bread for God's sake, without doing Wrong to any Man. There was among them a poor *Briton*, who said he was rightful Heir to the Duke *de Chaunes*, pulling out his Pretences

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and Titles with great Passion; but notwithstanding both one and the other were whipt; only an *Irishman* was spar'd, because he could not speak our Language. This great Severity has made all sober People cry out dreadfully against Monsieur d'*Argencon* our Lieutenant-Criminal, and the Ministers who have occasion'd it: And really it is a crying Calè; it were better to provide for the Poor, as they do in *Holland*, where they say they have Houses for all Ages and Sexes, who are received into them, and compassionately used, so that without being forced, the Poor enter themselves into them with Joy, without being dragg'd thither, and those are receiv'd who know not how otherways to dispose of themselves; Orphans are taken in and taught several Trades; the Girls come not out 'till they are married, and the Boys not 'till they have learn'd to get their Living; 'tis at the Expence of those Houses this Establishment is made for both Sexes: These may truly be called Foundations of Charity; whereas in ours the Founders Intentions are so much abused, their Revenues serve only to enrich the Officers; but we shall have too much to do should we undertake to reform all these Abuses, it belongs to the Magistrates to undertake such a Reformation, but which they never concern themselves to accomplish

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plish. Now we are talking of Magistrates, it is said, when Monsieur *d'Argencon* entred his Office, he went to visit the President *Harlai*. This grave Senator, with all the Seriousness he is known to use, said only to him, Sir, *Light, Security, Cleanliness*, and then left him. The new Lieutenant could not comprehend what the President meant by these Three Words, which had shewed him his Duty, to take care the Streets were well illuminated, kept clean and safe for the Passengers, by apprehending and punishing Thieves and Robbers, which he signified by those Three Enigmatical Words, a very *Laconic* Way of Expression. I was told of a quere Reception Monsieur *Pontchartrain*, when he was Comptroller-General, gave to the Sub-Farmers of *Champaigne* who were ruin'd by the Hail-Storms, which in few Moments had destroy'd their Hopes in the most promising Vintages. They went in a Body to wait on Monsieur *Pontchartrain*, telling him, That both in Honour and Conscience, he could not but allow them some Abatements: Gentlemen, said he to them, if this be a Case of Conscience, it lies not before me, the *Sorbonne* must decide it; if it be Case of Honour, it belongs not to me neither, you must address yourselves to the Mareschals of *France*, who are impower'd and establish'd to judge and determine

termine all Affairs of that Nature. Thus the poor Farmers were forced to return as wise as they came, and to take Refuge in the Temple from their Creditors, there bemoaning the Loss of their Vintage: Soon after there run about *Paris* a foolish Satyr, which though but in a Pun of Words, yet pleased the People, who love whatsoever bites the Ministers; such as they are you may see,

** Detest ye People all of France,
This Minister of the Finance,
Whom Monsieur Pont, char, train they call,
This Bridge of rotten Planks is all in all.
This Chariot's driven by Furies on,
May it and its Carriage to the Devil be gone.*

You see this is but an indifferent Thing, but as the Conceit made us laugh, I have sent it you to the same Purpose: I must now tell you what happened to Father *la Chaise* the other Day from a *Gascoign*, for they are the most given to piquant Repartees: It was a kind of an Abbot, who had long hunted after Preferment to a better Benefice, and whom the

** This poor Piece of Wit, though we despise in England, is still current in France; the Jest lies in this, if there is any in it, Pont signifies a Bridge, Char a Chariot, and Train the Carriage of a Coach or Chariot; which three Words composing his Name, is the whole silly Conceit of the Master.*

good Father had kept in Dependance with fair Promises, without any Effect ; so that the *Gascoign*, mad to be thus disappointed, said to the King's Confessor, when he told him at last, There was nothing could be done for him, Father, I have been a great Fool for trusting to your Promises, considering that my Mother forbid me ever trusting to a Chair which had Three Legs, the *Gascoign* alluding to the Confessor's Name, which signifies a Chair, and his Age, which obliged him to walk with a Stick : This being pronounced with the *Gascoign* Air, and Accent of his Country, together with his Resentment, was thought both proper for the Priest, and pleasant in the disappointed Abbot. It was soon spread about the Town, and came to the King's Ear : But I have heard a Story which I must further tell you, tho' it lengthens my Letter ; A fair *Briton* Lady, called *Mademoiselle de Lessevin*, desiring to make the best Advantage of her Charms, imagin'd the *Chevalier de B---*, who seem'd in Love with her, might easily be drawn into the Band of Wedlock ; to which purpose, she took great Care to make use of her Rigours and Complaisancies, as she thought them most conducive to the grand Design, 'till at last she obtain'd a Promise, which was to take effect when she required. This she kept with utmost Care in her
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strong Box, waiting the Time to make use of it, and flattering her self with the Hopes of becoming a Princess; but she found her Account had deceived her, for the Chevalier, who is naturally inconstant, growing weary of a Conquest, which cost him only the Dash of a Pen, thought of making new ones. Mademoiselle de Lessevin did all possible, in her Dispair, to recover her Interest, but nothing succeeded; he was broke loose, and neither the Tears nor Tendernefs of the Lady could move his Heart; which when she perceiv'd, she threatned to show his Promise, to see if she could compel him by what the Law would effect. The Chevalier told her coldly, she might do what she pleased. This provoked her Patience, and passing from Words to Deeds, she shewed the Promise to the Judges in a full Audience, which was contain'd in these Words:

I the under-named promise to be, and behave, and own my self, as the Husband of Mademoiselle de Lessevin, as often as she shall require.

Sign'd,

The Chevalier de B——

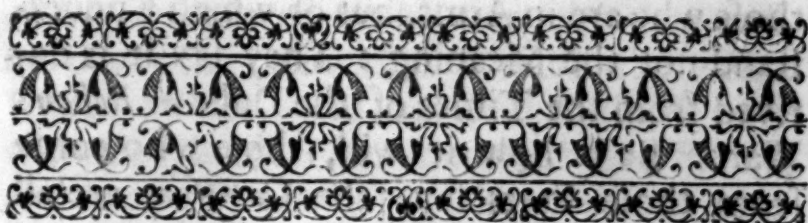
You may imagine, that such a Promise put the whole Court in a Laughter, as well as

all who heard of it. The Chevalier's Lawyer declared the Lady needed ha' done no more than demand the Performance, and not have brought it into Court, the Chevalier being ready to comply. You may judge in what Confusion the poor Creature was, who understood neither Orthography nor Sense, any better than Mademoiselle *de B* ——— did Diamonds, they may be very well join'd together, and both fooled in the same Case, though not in the same manner; for you see in the one her Avarice, and in the other her Ambition was the Occasion of their Misfortunes. I think I have sent you Stories enough to convince you I am not ungrateful.

Yours, Madam.



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LETTER XXXVII.

From *THOULOUSE*.

I Am extreamly obliged to you, Madam, for the Pains you have taken in giving me an Account of Monsieur *Savari's* Tragical Death. It has something so terrible in it, that it made me tremble, as does the Cruelty with which the Poor are used: I cannot wonder the Ministry are cry'd out upon; methinks, they should add no more Subjects of Complaint to a People who are so weary of those they have endured, for they may find already in this Province how dangerous it is to drive Men to Extremity; I doubt it will not be so easy to quiet those who have took up Arms in the *Cevennes*. This Affair is grown more considerable than it was believed, which we know from Monsieur *Timarcon*, whose Regiment has been thrash'd to some Tune by those

those *Camifars*. It is the Name they give those who are in Arms, but of which I understand not the Meaning : They say it is derived from the Times of the Duke *de Roban's* War. Be it how it will, those who come from those Parts say, the *Camifars* are all a warlike People, and fight as if they were desperate, resolving to conquer or die ; and that they have a Youth at their Head who has the Courage both of *Ulysses* and *Achilles*, with the Prudence and Conduct of the most experienced Generals, and has given the *Mareschal de Montrevel* abundance of Trouble and Fatigue ; I know not how all this may terminate. We have an Archbishop here who uses the Poor as ill as they do at *Paris*, without any Recourse to his Conscience, hating them to the Death ; so that he cannot look on them but with Abhorrence ; they are his natural Antipathy, which he can no more overcome, then he can the other, of seeing himself the thirteenth at Table, which had like to have brought a troublesome Business upon him. Sometime since here was a General Officer, called *Monsieur de Legat*, who went to dine with one of his Friends. He told him he was sorry he was not his own Master that Day, being obliged to dine with the Archbishop ; but, said he, one Guest may bring another, and if you will go with me, I shall take it both
for

for an Honour and a Pleasure : Monsieur *de Legat* accepted his Motion with that Easiness, which Conversation with the polite World infuses, and at Dinner-time went with his Friend : They found the Cloath laid, and twelve Plates. Thus Dinner was brought in, and every one took his Place ; Monsieur *Legat's* Friend, in Courtesy, gave him his Plate, and ask'd a Servant for another, who brought him none, knowing he dared not exceed the Number Twelve, it being his Lord's Order. The Gentleman something concern'd to see himself neglected, rose from his Seat, and fetch'd one himself from the Side-Table, which made our Archbishop redden with Rage and Passion ; Monsieur *de Legat*, who was ignorant of his Humour, as of what had pass'd, eat heartily, being minded to make his Court to the Prelate ; he commended his Soup, saying it was excellent. The Bishop, not being longer able to contain himself, cry'd briskly, It was not made for you ; which Monsieur *de Legat* answered, by throwing his Plate at his Head ; and had not the Company interposed, the Mitre might have been in some Danger : The Table was overturned, every Body going away ; the whole Town was much concerned, but Means are found out to accommodate the Matter, by giving another Sense to the Archbishop's Words ;

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Words ; and that by saying the Soup was not made for Monsieur *de Legat*, he meant it should have been better had he known he would have done him the Honour to dine with him. These Excuses past for what they were, and such an Accomodation was made as the Thing would bear. But I believe the Archbishop will consider with himself a good while before he breaks out again into such Brutality. He may well be Brother to Monsieur *de St. Pouange* : But here People are not of a Temper to suffer such barbarous Manners. However they occasion'd the following Verses.

*When fat Pouange himself adrest
To th' Manger where our Lord did rest,
Shepherds and Angels he made fly,
Fearing his old Barbarity :
T'our Lord he bowed without Dispute ;
Joseph or Mary he would not salute.*

They are not used to suffer Affronts in this Country ; and I have heard, that when the Marchioness *de Calvison* was in this Place she was forced to abate of her haughty Airs. This Lady, whose Beauty made so much Noise in the World, was called the *Fair Mariveau* when she was Maid of 'Honour to the Queen. Her Husband coming to this City to be invested with the Government of *Languedoc*, as the King's Lieutenant

tenant of the Province, she took upon her to receive all Visits standing, that the Ladies might not sit before her; for which Purpose she had all the Chairs taken out of her Chamber, intending to give herself a Superiority over all the Lawyer's Ladies; who not relishing such a Reception, they resolved to shew their Contempt of her Haughtiness, and going in a great Company to visit her, they opened the Seats of their Coaches, putting four low Stools or Tabourets in them, which their Footmen had Orders to take out when they alighted from their Coaches, and carry before them; so that Madam *de Calvison*, being astonish'd to see twenty Footmen enter the Chamber with every one a Stool, and followed by their Mistresses, who sat down upon them without further Ceremony, only saying to Madam *de Calvison*, that they thought it proper to bring their Tabourets with them, finding none in her Chamber, and that apparently she loved to stand, having contracted that Habit at Court; but, added they, as for us we are not obliged to make our Court to any Lady in that manner, being used to sit, and know not how to do otherways. Madam *Calvison* saw she must make her best of this, and take down her Vanity; for it would not have been convenient to draw the whole Parliament upon her Back, when

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her Husband came to desire their Suffrages, and so bold an one as that is, which is the second in the Kingdom, and has the Esteem of being very just and equitable, the Court referring often the most important Affairs to their Decision. We are inform'd there is a most pleasant Trial coming before them, if it be not made up in time: It is a Duel of Women: A Lady of *Beaucaire* having met in an Assembly with a maiden Lady, who had been formely her Husband's Mistress, and whom perhaps she feared was so still; she said such piquant Things to her, that the Lady, who was not of a very forbearing Temper, having returned her the same, she also threw a Candlestick at her Head. The Company being at Play, gave not at first so much Attention to this Quarrel as they ought; but as soon as they perceived it past beyond Invectives, they did all possible to end it; the Candlestick struck only against the Wall, and by Consequence did no other hurt than by the Fright; they brought the Ladies to embrace each other, and thought all was ended: But they were deceived, for the maiden Lady griped the others Hand very hard, when they were making Friends, and the next Morning sent her a Challenge in these Words.

If

IF you desire any Satisfaction concerning what happened last Night, you need only come to the Garden of ——— at Ten of the Clock, where you shall find me with two Swords: On my part I should be glad you would give me Satisfaction for the injurious Treatment you have given me. Besure to come alone, and let none know of this; for it may be dangerous to engage Men in a Quarrel we may easily decide by our selves, if you are of my Temper. I wait for you.

The married Lady failed not the Appointment; the Maid gave her the Choice of Swords, and when they had fastned the Garden-Door on the inside, they begun the Combat with the Dexterity which might have been expected from those accustomed to the Distaff more than those Weapons: They jangled a long Time, and made so much Noise that they were heard from a Neighbouring Garden: They at first thought they were Men fighting, and ran to part them; but the Ladies having barricaded the Door, they were forced to break it open; and feared that Obstacle might prove fatal to one of the Combatants; but when they got in, it was with Astonishment they beheld two Ladies making awkward Passes at one another, whom the Heat of the Dispute

pute hindred from feeling their Wounds; though as soon as they had disarmed them, seeing their Blood running from them, they both fell in a Swoon: They carried them Home, and found the married Woman was wounded in the left Breast, and the Maiden Lady in the Thigh, both being extream ill of their Wounds. While there was Care taking of their Cure, the Relations on both Sides proceeded very high: It was first brought into the Court at *Nismes*, and after referred to the Parliament here. It is supposed Monsieur *de Baviile* may compose Things, and the two Ladies, who are now both recovered, need go no further than *Montpellier*. It was wish'd it might be brought hither, because of the Novelty of the Case. Monsieur *Baviile* said, the King must appoint Judges to determine the Points of Honour amongst the Ladies; and that this Affair, which he turns into a Comical Scene, does not belong to the Mareschals of *France*, though in the mean while they affirm it to be a Duel in all its Forms in the Country where it past, and ought to undergo the Rigour of the Law, without their Sexes being capable to excuse them, since under the Name of Men both Sexes are included. But Monsieur *Baviile* thought it was a pardonable Case, and writ to the King in so comical a manner, as might rather

rather cause Laughter than irritate him against the two resolute Ladies. You see what Honour our Sex has gained, which shews that if we were accustomed to greater Things, we should be good for something more than we are thought to be. For my own Part, when I consider my self, I fancy I have Courage, and, were I angry, could fight like a Lion; and freely I think our Masters, the Men, keep us from going into the War, less for fear of the Danger, than that we should share their Honour. I saw a young Maid at *Montpellier*, who shewed as much Bravery as the Men can equal, with a Strength and uncommon Generosity of Mind, beyond the common Pitch. Monsieur *de Baviile* was inform'd of a Meeting the Protestants had appointed in the *Cevennes*, on the Estate of a Gentleman called Monsieur *de Monvallien*: He went immediately to the Place, accompanied with the Ministers of his Wrath; the Assembly was scattered, some fled, and others were killed; but the Minister was taken, and Monsieur *de Baviile*, who resolved to make him an Example, delivered him to the keeping of Monsieur *de Monvallien*, obliging him to be answerable for him; he having not refused to take this Charge, lest he should seem to want Respect, shut him in a Chamber of his Castle, in which Monsieur *de*

Baville had lodged with all his Attendants, where he was to be kept till the Executioners came, who were sent for to finish the Work, in the mean while diverting themselves with Hunting. At their return, Monsieur *de Baville* was terribly enraged to hear the Preacher had made his Escape, ready to burst with Madness, he accused Monsieur *de Monvallien* of being privy to it, swearing he should answer for it with his Head; it signified nothing to alledge his Innocence, it was not believed. While this past, a young Maid who had been sometime in the Castle, either as a Governante, or a Friend, I know not which of the two; But, in fine, this young Gentlewoman, whom none suspected, came into the Hall where Monsieur *Baville* was thundering out his Threats, exposing herself to all his Rage, and owning she had saved the Minister, while they were hunting, telling them the manner by which they effected it: Monsieur *de Baville*, before she ended her Relation, gave her a Kick to the other End of the Hall, and sent her to Prison. At first he intended to hang her, but at last contented himself with having her whipt publicly by the common Hangman, but could not help admiring the Courage and Honest Heart of this poor Maid, which would not suffer her to see Monsieur *de Montvallien*

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vallien condemn'd for a Crime, of which she only was the Occasion. This Action made a great Noise, and some time after Monsieur de *Monvallien* was let out of Prison. When I past through *Montpellier* I was shown this gallant Creature, who was in a miserable Condition; but since, as they say has gotten into *England*. You see, Madam, by this Action, and the other of our Duellists, that Women are capable of Courage and Bravery. But to return to the Parliament of *Thoulonse*, the other Day I was informed it decreed a difficult Controversy. A Man being at the Top of the *Clock-Tower* to mend something which was amiss, wou'd have had the Misfortune to fall to the Ground, if he had not had the good Luck to fall upon another Man who was below, without getting any Harm himself, tho' the other was killed: The Relations of the Deceased pursuing him by Law, pretended, that tho' they condemn'd him not to die, yet they ought to some Punishment and Fine for the Damage done to the Heirs of the Dead: But as I have heard the same Story before, so I suppose had they, and gave the same definitive Sentence, that the next Heir should go to the Top of the Tower and fall down upon the Man, who had fallen upon his Predecessor, but none undertaking it the Dispute ended. There is nothing but what

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has been, says *Solomon*, and it has so fallen out here. You informed me in your last Letter with what the first President, Monsieur *de Harlay*, said to Monsieur *d'Argencon*, which is very fine ; I love that Laconick way of speaking, which expresses much in few Words : They say all Monsieur *de Harlay's* are so many Sentences, which will be collected for the publick Good ; if you please to impart any of them to me they will oblige me. I am ask'd a great many Questions concerning him, some of which I cannot answer, having only known him when he was Attorney-General. He is exceedingly devout, at least he seems so : All I remember of him is, that when the Comedy of *Tartuffe* was forbid, *Moliere* appear'd upon the Stage when they were going to begin the Play, and told the Audience we intended to give you *Tartuffe* to Day, but the Attorney-General will not permit us to play him ; which diverted the Company, and gave him some Revenge on that Magistrate, who could not complain of it ; he not seeming to take Notice of it at present. This is all my Knowledge of Monsieur *de Harlay* ; but you can give me more, which I desire you will favour me with. Devotion runs exceeding high in this City ; and it is not for nothing it is called *Toulouse the Holy* :

But

But it is a kind of *Spanish* Holiness, that while they hold their Beads in one Hand, they cut Purfes with the other. The Ladies are regular in hearing Mass, and commonly go to the *Carmelites* Church, which is the Rendezvous of the Beaux and Bellés: There the Lover kneels at his Mistress's Feet, and talks to her while she seems to say her Prayers, and tells her other Things than she finds in her Books, which yet they devoutly hold in their Hands. Some Women, under the Pretence of Devotion, fall out with the Plays and Opera's, but make no Scruple of spending Day and Night at Cards. In short, every Body dresses their Devotion after their own Fashion, and decide Cases of Conscience according to their Inclinations: But I, who make use of those Privileges the Place allows, and who love not Play, maintain boldly, that it is the most criminal of all Diversions; and that Plays and Opera's are very innocent, both our Money and Time being limited which we spend on those Spectacles; whereas in Play they are both unbounded and extravagant, even to Ruin, and the neglect of all religious Duties. In fine, I argue so well upon this Subject, that I may go with Impunity to the Opera's and Plays without hurting Devotion, which shews, that theirs is but Grimace: And *Moliere*

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might here have found many Original Characters for his Comedies equal to his *Tartuffe*. A great many say he took that in particular from this City, it being the Picture of the Abbot *Roquette*, otherwise called the Bishop of *Autun*, who is the Original. Be it how it will, the great Emulation here, is, who shall seem most devout; but they may do whatever they please. The common People are more sincere, but one may say it is with so much Superstition and Ignorance, that they can no more be called Christians than those of *Spain* or *Italy*: Nay, here are those of good Quality who run into the same Weakness with the People. I was the other Day at a Ladies of this kind, I found her reading in a Book, which I did not suppose to be a Romance: In short, it was several Histories both of He and She Saints, whom I never had the Honour to be acquainted with: There was one which I found exceeding diverting, I must needs give you an Account of it. There was in a City of *Spain* a Gentleman and his Wife, who lived very devoutly, they recited every Day the Office of the Virgin *Mary*, and the *Rosary*, giving a considerable Part of their Estate to the Monks to say Masses for the Souls of the Dead: They had two Children, a Son and a Daughter, who

who were beautiful as Angels, and exactly followed the Steps of those who brought them into the World ; and it might be said their House was a Convent : They had in every Chamber a little Chapel, where instead of worldly Furniture and Tapestries, wherein sometimes we behold scandalous Histories, the Walls were hung with the Images of Saints of both Sexes. At length after having lived thus holily, this good Gentleman and his Wife died, leaving their Children in the ways of Piety ; the Son being eighteen Years old, and the Daughter seventeen, they loved one another not only as Brother and Sister, but as being more united by Devotion than Blood, they both resolved to end their Lives in Celibacy, and practise in their House all the Severities of a Cloister. But the Devil growing enraged, that he could not make them destroy themselves, resolved to destroy others by their means, and bring a Scandal upon them among their Neighbours ; he therefore shed his Venom upon Evil Tongues, who accused this virtuous Brother and Sister of Incest, which spread abroad a terrible Scandal thro' all the Houses in the City. This made so great a Noise, that it came to the Ears of these Recluse thro' all their Solitude. As soon as they had heard this sad News, they prayed to the

good St. Ignatius Loyola, and the blessed St. Theresa, to confound their Calumniators; their Prayers were heard, and they heard a Voice which bid them open their Windows towards the Garden, and they should see the Souls of those who had scandalized them so unjustly; at the same time looking out they saw a Tree covered with above a Thousand ugly Birds, all Coal Black: Alas, cryed they, and shall we be the Cause of the Loss of so many Souls; upon which they immediately disciplin'd themselves, and fell to Prayers, to try if they could prevent the perishing of so many Souls: Their Prayers being ended, the Sister had an Inspiration: My dear Brother, said she, I have a Thought, that as these Wretches are only damn'd for accusing us falsely, the only way to save them is to make their Accusation true: The Brother admired the Sister's Expedient, saying, she must needs be better than he, since she first had discovered this Means; which pious Resolution being both taken and executed, they had often the Consolation to see the same Tree, which was before covered with those odious black Birds all full of white Ones, like Turtle-Doves, which sung and made the sweetest Musick in the World. They praised Heaven for this good Success and Effect of their Charity

and two Children, a Son and a Daughter to
who

to their greatest Enemies, and were both beatified after their Death. The devout Bigot, who owned the Book, was not pleased to see me read it, yet was earnest to know how I liked it: I told her the Conclusion of the Story was very pretty; but afterwards I talk'd with her more seriously, and acquainted her that in my Opinion such Legends must needs be prejudicial to Religion, and give our Enemies great Advantage: But she treated me as a Heretick, and said her Book was printed with the Permission and Approbation of the Holy See; and therefore I could not criticize upon it without a Crime. I dare say no more after this, since we are obliged to subscribe to all that pleases our Holy Mother the Church; but to you I confess I cannot do it to such wretched Stuff; for our good Mother must doat when she authorizes them: But let us leave moralizing. *Madam de Lessquin's* Adventure seems to me an exceeding foolish, tho' a pleasant one: And I laugh at *Madam de B* ———, which gives me more Anger than Pity, and made me not vex'd, the Diamond proved false, to punish her for her Coverousness, which in my Opinion is the most villanous of any Motive which inclines People to Sin. Here is a young and beautiful Creature of a Character quite different from those two Ladies, for she is prudent

prudent and virtuous ; and though she inspires the strongest Passions, she is incapable to gratify them : She has at the same time three different Sorts in her Chains ; one is a Marquess of the highest Rank, the other a rich Citizen, and the third a Dancing-Master call'd *Pradal* : These three Conquests has served for an Occasion of a great deal of Mirth. Farewel, only send me Word by what means Monsieur *Chamillard* came to be Minister both of the War and the Treasury, two Employs which Monsieur *de Louvois*, with all his Favour, could never unite in his own Person, though he was at least as worthy of them as he who now possesses them.

MADAM, I am, &c.



LETTER



LETTER XXXVIII.

From P A R I S.

YOU ask me several Things at once, Madam; you would have me send you the Character of the first President of Parliament, with his *Laconick* Sentences; then, that I should inform you of the Original of Monsieur *Chamillart*'s Fortune; as to the latter, I believe he owes it to his Stars, and his admirable Skill at Billiards. The King had formerly the strongest Passion for that Game, and excelled in it; he one Day complaining, he knew no Body could play with him: Monsieur *d'Armagnac*, his Master of the Horse, said to him, Sir, if your Majesty can dispence with a little Counsellor of Parliament, who plays incomparably well, I shall have the Honour to present him to you. The King accepted his Offer, and Monsieur *d'Armagnac* brought him the next Morning, who

who plaid so well, that he gain'd the Rank we now see him hold, with the Riches he possesses by it: Who after this will say, That it is impossible to make a Fortune by Gaming, since we see a very great one obtained by no other Means? When the King had taken a Fancy to him, he advised him to buy a Master of the Requests Post, that he might be more worthy to divert him; but the cunning Lawyer made an Objection upon his Inability to make the Purchase, and his Majesty removed that Objection, by giving him Forty Thousand Francs, with which, and what he sold his other Employment for, he purchased that of the Master's of Requests, and was soon after raised to a Counsellor of State; when Madam *Maintenon* taking him for her Intendant, he became also that of the Finances, and it was in that Time I was acquainted with him. It seemed Fortune had raised him high enough, and ought to have no Hopes of going higher; but what mayn't he expect who is supported by Madam *Maintenon*? It was enough for Monsieur *Chamillart* to please her, to make him aspire to every Thing; accordingly, when Monsieur *Bouchart* died, and Monsieur *Pontchartrain* was made Chancellor in his Place, the King raised Monsieur *Chamillart* to that of Monsieur *Pontchartrain*, making him Comptroller-General
of

of the Finances, to the great Regret of many Pretenders, and the great Wonder of the World; but his Majesty loves to surprize People and make himself Creatures who may depend upon nothing but his good Pleasure for their Happiness, being perswaded this Promotion was applauded, though at the same Time it was generally censured, and all murmur'd privately at it: There were some Flatterers who highly commended the King's Judgment in the Choice of this Minister, tho' they knew he could have chosen a much better. Monsieur *d'Armagnac* said to the King upon this, Sir, I hope your Majesty finds I present good Subjects to you. Yes, replied the King, I am oblig'd to you for doing so by *Chamillart*; I am pleas'd with him, and doubt not he will serve me usefully. In short, as soon as he got into this Post, he did his utmost to eclipse Monsieur *Pontchartrain* in bringing Money into the Finances by Hook or by Crook, and consequently carry his own Fortune to the highest Pitch. Monsieur *de Barbesieux* died also soon after, by the Favour of a little Lady, who had sent the Count *de Mailly*, and some other Lovers, to another World, without fearing the Danger of the Law, because they lost their Lives by their own Folly. The King thought fit to banish a Person whose

Charms

Charms were so dangerous, and might have unpeopled the Court; but after having lamented Monsieur *de Barbesieux's* Loss, he gave his Places to Monsieur *Chamillart*. Thus you have seen how he became both Minister of the War and the Treasure. This new Addition of Felicity again astonish'd the World; but when they considered we live in a Reign of Wonders, they concluded we ought not to be surprized at any Thing. It belongs to none but the King to work Miracles, and to make a Man, who was but an Apprentice in Law, capable of Governing the State, and to supply the Two most eminent Posts in it; but Time will show how he will extricate himself. Now you see all I can say upon this Chapter. The Person who has made the greatest Advantage of Monsieur *Chamillart's* Fortune, is Madam *Amelin*, who is a very pretty Woman; her Husband was immediately made a Farmer General, who after he had gained abundance of Money, was so civil to leave it his Wife, that she might give herself a better Title and Name: She accordingly marry'd the Count *d'Uzez*, to whom she has brought much Riches, and been a great Help to that young Lord, so they gave one another that which they had most need of. You see what the favourable Protection of Monsieur *Chamillart* can do; and to take Things from their

their Beginning, what playing at Billiards has produced. The President *de Harlay*, whom you also desire an Account of, is quite different from the other, and owes nothing, like him, to the Caprices of Fortune; he had a Name known and celebrated in the Robe; he is a Man of Wit, but has form'd it after his own Fashion, in a particular Style, which makes him an Original; he is devout to boot, seeming so at least. With the Tuft of his Gown under his Chin, and his great Humility, he became President, and is fully capable to fill that Post; they call him *Harlequin*, from *Harlay Quint*, or the Fifth. The Comical Seriousness of this Magistrate is singular, who without ever laughing or changing his Tone, says the most pleasant Things imaginable. It is not long since one called *Firial*, Son of the Stage-Coach Master between *Paris* and *Lions*, was made a Counsellor of Parliament; and Monsieur *Rouillier*, Son of the Post-Master of *Paris*, soon after followed his Example; the first President thereupon, with his Air of Gravity, address'd himself aloud to that August Senate in a full Parliament, crying, Gentlemen, take heed to your selves, we have received a Coachman, and now taken a Postillion, this Court will soon go very fast. Another Time a young Counsellor, whose Father had jump'd
out

out of a Livery into a Farmer-General, taking his Snuff-Box, show'd a Pair of red Breeches under his Gown, which are not proper for a Lawyer; and gave an Occasion to the First President to call to him before the whole Court, crying, Sir, I find your Family have much ado to get out of their Liveries. This pronounced in his grave Manner, set all that heard it a Laughing, excepting him to whom it was address'd. When Monsieur *Oudyke*, Envoy Extraordinary from *Holland*, came hither after the Peace of *Ryswick*, Monsieur *Bose*, Master of Requests, made him a splendid Entertainment at *Rouille*, which you know is without Port St. *Honore*; there were prodigious Illuminations, which made the Garden equal to the Light of the Sun; every Tree was hung with Branches of Lights; after Supper the Ball begun, and continued 'till Morning, all *Paris* running thither in Masks, where Refreshments followed, as from a Spring, this Entertainment having cost him Fifty Thousand Francs, an Expence which Monsieur *de Bose* could well bear, being the Son of an eminent Man in *Montpellier*. The President said, That Man ought to have many Thanks, who came from a Corner of a Province to do such Honours to *France*, in his cold Way taxing his Prodigality; but those who knew the Bottom
of

of the Secret better, understood this Entertainment was designed for Madam *de Montpouillan*, who came with Monsieur *Oudyke* into *France*, and whom Monsieur *de Bosc* afterwards marry'd, the Envoy extraordinary being only the Pretence. Be that as it will, it gave the First President an Occasion of being witty: But the grave Magistrate, who diverted himself so much at the Cost of others, was one Day the Subject of Laughter himself. As he made his Court regularly, he went upon a certain Time to *Versailles*, and staid in the Antichamber till the King came out to salute him, according to his old Custom, waiting with great Tranquility upon a Bench, with his Head leaning against the Tapestry Hangings: This Posture one of the King's Pages observing, came near him, and with a great Pin pinned his Peruke to the Hangings, which Piece of Roguery he performed without any Notice being taken of him; a Moment afterwards they cry'd, The King is coming; the President rose in haste, and left his Wig pinn'd to the Hangings, and appeared before the King with his bald Skull, without being out of Countenance, or diminishing his Gravity, only saying, Sir, I did not think to have saluted your Majesty to Day, like one of the Children of the Choir. The King had much to do to forbear Laughing, but per-

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ceiving

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ceiving it was a Page's Trick, he would know who it was had plaid it, and commanded the Page to see him no more 'till he had beg'd the President's Pardon for pinning his Peruke to the Hangings; the Arch-Page retired 'till Midnight, and then took Horse and galloped to the President's House, where every Body was in Bed, but he soon waked them by the Noise he made at the Door, alarming all the Neighbourhood; the President's Servants run to their Windows, asking the Occasion of the Noise at that Time of Night. I must speak with your Master, said the Page, from the King. They went and acquainted the good Man with it, who put on his Velvet-Gown to receive the Courier the King had sent to him, in a decent manner; he was introduc'd, with Ceremony, into the great Hall, where he only said to the President, Sir, I am come, by the King's Command, to beg your Pardon for pinning your Peruke to the Hangings Yesterday. Sir, said the President, without being moved, there needed no such Haste. The Page returned, after having caused all that Noise and Disturbance, and was in the Morning at the King's Levée, who ask'd if he had done according to his Orders, he told him, Yes; while others acquainted him in what manner he had done it, the King only saying, That is like a true
Page

Page, shrugging up his Shoulders; and for the President, he made no Complaint of it; he was in the right, for a Complainant makes but a scurvy Figure; and, moreover, a Courtier should never seem troubled at any Thing which diverts his Prince, who laugh'd heartily at this double Knavery of his Page; for my Part, I think the latter more waggish than the former, though they were both pleasant enough. We are here exactly like you at *Thoulouse*, divided into Two Classes, the *Free-Thinkers* or *Atheists*, who believe nothing, and the common People, who believe too much, while the *Free-Thinkers*, for all that, become Hypocrites, to conform to the Practice of the Court; for if they have a Mind to make their Fortunes, they must seem devout; but as none but God has an Inspection into Hearts, the King, who cannot see so far, is content with the Appearance. Thus they are secure who can feign like the *New Converts*. The Abbot B——, who never could obtain a Benefice 'till he took Care to appear Devout, as his Friends advis'd him, made these Verses, of which I only know the beginning.

*Since I the Debauchee must quit,
I now put on the Hypocrite.
And that no One Sin I may want,
I'll look Devout, and Pray and Cant:
I'll imitate the Countenance
Of Bigots A-la-mode de France.*

See what we are come to, and what his Majesty's Zeal has produc'd, by making Men good by Force. The King ordered *Madam de Camus Milecon* to be ask'd why she did not come oftener to Court? It is, said she, because all my Life I have had so great an Aversion to a Mask, or Disguise, that I shut my self up at all Carnaval Times; and as they are now all mask'd at Court, I dare not come thither for fear of meeting those odious sort of Figures. I was lately told a Story of the *Mareschal de Bellefond*, who was a profess'd Bigot, That being at Mass with one of his Friends, with whom he had appointed either a Meeting of Business or Pleasure, he had the Unhappiness to meet with a Priest, who was the Antipodes to the Abbot *Croisat*, and who consequently was very long at saying Mass: The Mareschal, tired with his Slowness, turned towards his Friend, when he was Consecrating the Cup, and said in his Ear, See now how the Knave preaches over his Wine. You see what we must expect from such Zealots. They give themselves the same Liberty they do at *Thoulouse*; every one turns their Devotions into what Form their Fancy chuses, and gives what Interpretation to the Scriptures they please, or the Times and State of their Affairs require; but it is not so lately as Yesterday, that these Abuses

Abuses have been introduc'd. I lately heard the Original of our *Salick* Law, and there is something both whimsical and ridiculous in it. When the Succession of our Monarchy fell to a Woman, the first Prince of the Blood, who pretended to be preferred before the King's Daughter, had gained over to his Interest the greatest Preacher of his Time, who was then Bishop of *Amiens*; this Prelate preaching before those who were to decide this Controversie, took for his Text these Words, *The Lillies neither toil nor spin*: These being the Arms of *France*, he most learnedly proved, and you will suppose by what strong Arguments, That God having declared the Lillies did not spin, they could not, without Sin, give the Crown to the Distaff; and thus it was judged to the Kinsman, to the Prejudice of the King's Daughter; and this was the beginning of our *Salick* Law: Don't you think it was a fine one? Besides our ridiculous Bigots, here are another Sort, who are despised with the utmost Contempt, yet serve to make us laugh sometimes; they are such, whose great Fortunes, (to which they neither were born, nor could hope to arrive by their Merit) have turn'd their Heads, and made them giddy, by a Heighth they were not used to. Monsieur *Bechamel*, In-

tendant to the Duke of *Orleans*, is of that Number, of whom you remember the Song, which says,

Cod blefs the King, and Bechamel the Great.

Which, though an Irony, yet flatters the Vanity and Self-love of the said Monsieur, who, because he has obtain'd great Riches, believes himself a Person of great Merit and Accomplishment: But some Time since the Duke of *Roquelaure*, whose ill Nature every Body knows, walking in the *Tuilleries*, said to some Lords who were with him, I will lay you a Wager I go and kick *Bechamel's* Breech; I see him there in the Great Walk; and he shall thank me for it; and he did accordingly, saluting him with several Kicks on the Breech, and crying, Ah, *Grammont*! art thou here? I have been hunting for thee this two Hours; then immediately seeming to have found his Error, cry'd, Is it you, Monsieur *Bechamel*? 'fore George I took you for the Duke *de Grammont*, whom you so much resemble, that I can hardly know you asunder, as the Duke *de Grammont* is one of the handsomest and most accomplish'd Persons in the Court; this wilful Mistake so flatter'd *Bechamel's* Imagination, by the great Idea he conceived of himself, that instead of being angry for the Kicks given him, he consider'd the Honour he had received, and gave

gave the Duke of *Roquelaure* a thousand Thanks for the Honour he had done him ; Thus, though the Lords lost their Wager, they made themselves amends with laughing at this Adventure. It is plain, as there are many Fools in the World, there are also some witty Men : 'Tis true, the Number is fewer, and it is that makes them of greater Value. I cannot think the smartest *Gascoign* had a more ready Wit than the late Dauphiness ; I have heard that when she lay in of the Duke of *Burgundy*, the Princess of *Conti*, with several other Ladies, coming in to her Chamber, they thought she was asleep, and dared advance no further : The Princess of *Conti* turning to one of them, said softly, Look upon Madam the *Dauphiness*, she is as ugly asleep as awake ; though she said it very low, yet the Dauphiness, who doubtless was not asleep, heard her, and immediately answered Madam *de Conti*, Madam, if I had been the Daughter of Love and Intrigue, I should have been as handsome as you. Madam *de Conti* understood what she meant, and complained to the King, who commanded her to go back again and beg the Dauphiness's Pardon, being in those Days more in Favour than afterwards. The King one Day saying to that Princess, I have been inform'd, Madam, you have a Sister who is a great Beauty, speaking of

of the Great Dutchess of *Tuscany*. It is true, Sir, answered the Dauphiness, she has carry'd away all the Beauty of our Family, but I have had all the Happiness. A fine Collection might be made of her Apophthegms during the little Time she lived. The extraordinary Tenderness she always had for her Brother the Duke of *Bavaria*, then our Enemy, was the Occasion of her passing the latter Part of her Days with Uneasiness enough, and that she was no more regretted at her Death; but to leave these serious Reflections, I will give you an Account of an odd Accident which befel the Marquiss *de Janson*, an Officer in the Musketeers, within a Days Journey of *Paris*; he happened into an Inn, where there was a Capon roasting at the Fire, which he bespoke for himself; the Abbot *Boileau* coming a little after, and asking for a Supper, the Host told him every Body had supped but the Gentleman, who had bespoke the Capon, and he had nothing else left in the House: The Abbot, who was ready to starve with Hunger, look'd upon the Capon with longing Eyes, as it was turning round the Spit, and with *Harlequin* might have said, The more I look the more I like. He ask'd his Host again, who told him, as before, it was for a Gentleman that came in a little sooner than he, who would sup in his Chamber. Ah, said the Abbot, the Gentleman

tleman can't eat all the Capon himself, desire he would permit me to help him; accordingly he went to the Marquis *de Janson*, telling him there was a Church Man below who wanted a Supper, and desired he would do him the Honour to permit his bearing him Company. With all my Heart, answered Monsieur *Janson*, he will divert me, bring up some Wine. The Abbot *Boileau* was pleased with this Answer of the Marquis, and thank'd him for his Favour in permitting him to partake of his Supper with him. Sit down there, Monsieur Curate, said the Marquis gaily, and continuing his airy assuming Temper, began again, With honest Curate, here's thy Health. Whoever names the Abbot *Boileau*, knows he has a vast deal of Wit and Sense, but being very hungry for a Time, he said nothing, but fed heartily, and let all the wretched Things *Janson* said go unanswerd, without any uneasiness at being treated like a poor Curate of some Country Village. The Marquis still persisting to carry on his Jest, cry'd, By *George*, Monsieur Curate, I must know who it is I drink with this Evening, tell me your Name. Sir, answered the other coldly, they call me * *Boileau*. O fie, replied the Marquis, what a base Name is that, for Shame get your self new Christen'd, and

* *Boileau* is French, is drink Water, and *Boivin*, drink Wine.

change your Name from *Drinkwater*, to *Drinkwine*, for Wine is much better than Water. The Abbot's Belly beginning not to be troublesome, and he weary of the Marquis's Nonsense, said to him, Now, Sir, if you please, in my Turn, let me know who it is I have the Honour to sup with to Night also. With all my Heart, said the Marquis, I am called *Janson* *. Oh fie, answered the Abbot, get your self Christen'd again too, and instead of *Janson* be call'd *Janfarine*, that Name fitting you so much the more, as Flower is better than Bran. Monsieur *Janson* soon found who he had to do with, without asking any more Questions. The Abbot told this Story of *Jan Bran* at *Paris*, so that it became publick, which the Marquis *de Janson*, who has but an indifferent Character, so resented, that he drew his Sword upon several who put him in mind of the Cutate's re-baptising him for doing him the same Favour. We see what too much Haughtiness brings upon those who despise others they know not, and who judge of People's out-side; a Fault Men are guilty of for want of a discerning Judgment, for those of greater Understanding rather err by too much Civility to such as may not deserve it, than fail of

* *Janson is likewise John Bran, and Janfarine, John Flower, which in French is as much as Jack-Pudding in English.*

any to those that do, the safest way being an obliging Temper with every Body. The King has given the Lieutenancy of *Champagne* to the Marquis *de Segure*, formerly known by the Name of the *Handsome Musqueteer*; he has now a Leg less than he had, having lost one in the last War at the Battle of *Marfal*; his Adventures have made too much Noise to be altogether unknown to you; nevertheless, supposing you have heard them but confusedly, to spare you the Pains of asking for a more particular Relation, I will acquaint you with 'em, for having lately learn'd all the necessary Circumstances, the Idea is fresh in my Memory. The Marquis *de Segure* was a Cadet, of a good Family in *Gascoigne*, but better furnish'd with old Parchments and Titles, than with *Louis d'Ors*: His Parents sent him young to *Paris*, and entred him in the Musqueteers. His good Mein and Person being all his Fortune, he resolv'd to make the best Advantage of them, and giving himself wholly to Gallantry and Courtship among the Ladies, he made many Conquests, and committed as many Infidelities: There was much Talk in the World of the handsome Musqueteer. When the Court removed to *Fontainebleau*, his Company was quartered at *Nemours*, where seeking a new Amusement, he visited the Abbess *de la Joye*, whose very Name was inflaming; she was a young Nun, exceeding

ing beautiful and charming, and breathed nothing but Mirth and Pleasure; the handsome Musqueteer then must needs be agreeable to her Temper: She received him with an extraordinary Satisfaction, and desired him to repeat his Visits; so a League was soon concluded. This Cavalier understood how to inspire Love to Perfection, without receiving much himself, and was a true modern Hero, and not Fool enough to follow the Examples of the *Amadis's* or *Celadon's*; besides the Charms of his Person and Wit, he had join'd many others to them, as Dancing, Singing, and playing incomparably upon the Lute, &c. the last being the Instrument which made his Fortune, and gained him the Heart of the young Abbess, who made him play to her continually; she desired at last to learn on it her self; he obligingly offer'd to teach her, and came every Day into the Parlour of the Convent to instruct her in her Lesson: The Lady open'd a little Grate to take in the Lute; but the handsome Musqueteer endeavoured to persuade her the Place from whence he instructed her was too far distant, and that she would profit much more by Demonstration than Instruction, desiring he might be as happy as his Lute, and pass through that little Grate. The fair one thought it was impossible, it being only wide enough to receive Books and small Boxes, and Things
of

of such bigness; but the Musqueteer, who had a slender Shape and supple Body, found the Secret to pass through it with no great Difficulty; and placing the Lady's Fingers upon the Strings of the Lute, took all imaginable Care to make her a perfect Scholar: Had they stop'd there, nothing but Pleasure had follow'd; but the Scholar being become a Mistress, their tender Commerce had soon after most dreadful Consequences, concerning which the Beau Musqueteer did not much trouble himself, but return'd to *Paris* when the Court left *Fontainebleau*, leaving the Lady to take care of her Affairs as well as she could, and she took the only Way in her Power, which was to pretend a Distemper, for which she was ordered to drink the Waters; the Nuns themselves often do the same Thing in Cases of Sickness. Our Abbess chose to take the Road to *Versailles*, from whence she intended to retire, and bring her young *Amphion* into the World, and hide it and her self in perfect Security; but it so fell out she mistook her Reckoning, and *Versailles* was the Place where this Scene was acted: She was surprized with her Pains, and unable to carry her Burthen farther, or to hinder her Adventure from being known. The Duke of *S. A.* who thought not he was concerned in the Matter, was the first that told the King a young Abbess was brought to Bed, and was
 very

very glad to divert him with the Novelty of such a Story ; but the Duke *de la Feuillade*, who came for the same Purpose, being vexed with Duke *S. A.* for preventing him, soon found the Means of revenging himself, by telling the Abbess's Name, and left the Duke of *S. A.* no more Occasion of Mirth, when he knew she was his Daughter, though his Confusion and Sorrow added to the Mirth of the Story told the King, he being the first had discover'd the Abbess's Shame, which there being no Way to hide, she must undergo. Her Abbey was taken from her, and she was shut up in another for the rest of her Life, where all she carried with her for her Comfort, was Monsieur *de St. Segure's* Picture, drawn like Saint *Cecilia* playing on the Lute ; she continues her Passion for him in her Retirement, and he is the Object of her Devotions. It is an Opinion, but how true I know not, that those passionate Letters which you see under the Name of a Nun in *Portugal*, were written by this Abbess to Monsieur *de Segure*, and that to hide the real Scene, they have transferred it to *Portugal*. Be it as it will, that which proves the Misfortune of one, often makes the Fortune of another, as the Ruin of the Abbess *de la Joye* was the making of Monsieur *de Segure*. The King would needs see this handsome Musqueteer ; and finding him to his Mind, shewed him many Favours and Benefits

Benefits for his good Appearance, instead of punishing him for profaning a Monastery; so that he has been recompensed for all the Circumstances of this Piece of Gallantry; for besides the King's Favour, which his good Fortune obtain'd him, it has gained him also an extraordinary Match, for the Daughter of a Farmer-General, who was left exceeding rich, had the same Curiosity the King had to see him, which produced an answerable Effect, for she being pleased with him, marry'd him soon after, and made him a Great Man, by the large Fortune she brought him in Marriage. Above all, she would have that Lute which was so celebrated in her Husband's Story, and I saw it the other Day at her House, whither I went, with several others, to spend some Hours with her. These, Madam, are the Caprices of Fortune, and the Gallows belongs only to the Unhappy. Such an Action had driven any other than Monsieur *de Segure* to a Precipice, and to perish under the Rigour of the Laws, or by the Resentment of the Abbess's Relations; while, on the contrary, he has come off with Triumph, and gained both Honour and Riches: After this, I defy the most refined Politicks to take any just Measures over their Fortune; the shortest is to leave our selves blind-fold to the Conduct of that blind Goddess. The
Story

Story of this Beau Musqueteer, makes me remember a Pleasant one of the Duke of *Burgundy* when he was a Child: They gave him the Title of *Musqueteer* for some Time, and he performed some of the Duties of that Corps: The King gave him the Choice of the Two Companies, and he chose the Black, because in it there were several young Princes with whom he desired to learn the Exercise; but some while after he thought he had Occasion to repent his Choice, for it being his Turn to go to the King for Orders with a Grey Musqueteer, Monsieur *Maupertuis* who commanded, ordered the Musqueteer to take the Right Hand of the Duke of *Burgundy*, and not to give him the Precedence; the Grey, which Monsieur *de Maupertuis* commanded, having the Precedence before the Black. The Duke was something mortify'd with this Proceedure, and the King rallying him upon it, ask'd him if he would not change Companies, the young Prince, after having considered a little upon it, found an Expedient, and said to the King, he would be both a Black and a Grey Musqueteer, and desired him to give him a Py'd Horse: The King and every Body were pleas'd with this Fancy, and laugh'd to hear the Expedient. I am,

MADAM, &c.

LET-



LETTER XXXIX.

From *THOULOUSE*.



Was much pleased with reading your Letter, Madam, and laught with all my Heart at the Change of the Marquiss of *Jan Bran* to that higher Title of *Jan Flower*, and love the Abbot *Boileau* for having stopt his babbling in that manner. Still we see Wit is good for something: I thought at first you were going to tell me the Story of Monsieur *de Pertuis*, Governour of *Menin*, they being something a-like at their beginning: Monsieur *de Pertuis* travelling from *Flanders* to *Paris*, came to *Senlis* so late, that there was nothing left for his Supper in the Inn where he lodg'd, only a young Turkey at the Fire, which was paid for, and bespoke by a Gentleman, who would Sup alone in his Chamber. Ah good

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good God ! said Monsieur *Pertuis*, that honest Gentleman cannot eat all that Turkey himself, there is no such Difference between Man and Man, and surely never any was more hungry than I am this Night, go and desire I may help him. The Host obey'd the Commission, and return'd and told Monsieur *Pertuis*, the Gentleman said he would do him much Honour ; and if he pleas'd to come, he was as much Master of his Supper as himself. Monsieur *Pertuis*, charm'd with this favourable Answer, went to the strange Gentleman's Chamber, whom he found reading by the Fire ; he thank'd him with a free Civility, like a Soldier, for the Pleasure he had done him : It being their manner to be soon acquainted ; he embraced him, and called him his Friend ; he found he had abundance of Wit and polite Behaviour, and took an extraordinary Kindness to him ; but the Stranger answer'd all his Advances in a reserv'd Manner, and with great Respect. Monsieur *Pertuis* did not ask his Name, but in Discourse finding he lived at *Paris*, he desired he would see him, and eat a Soup with him at his Lodgings, and told him who he was. The unknown Person accepted the Offer ; Monsieur *Pertuis* believ'd it was not proper to carry his Curiosity any farther till he came to his Lodging, were the other promised to see him ; in the mean while,

discourſing

discourſing of ſeveral Sciences and Learning over their Glaſſes: Thus charm'd with his Comrade, they paſſ'd Part of the Night at Table, and parted with many Proteſtations of Friendſhip, and Promiſes to ſee one another at *Paris*, whither *Monsieur Pertuis* was going, while the other followed the Road towards *Flanders*. *Monsieur Pertuis* expected his Return, believing he would not fail of his Promiſe, but in vain; for above Six Months paſſ'd without hearing any thing of him, till he met him upon the *Pont Neuf*: *Monsieur Pertuis* immediately made his Coach ſtop without any Complement to the Three Lords who were with him in it; he ran to take him about the Neck, and would by all Means have perſwaded him to make a Fifth in his Coach, and go Home to Dinner with him; but the Stranger pretended Buſineſs to excuſe himſelf, and ſtole away from *Monsieur Pertuis's* Careſſes, who was ſtrangely confounded when he came into the Coach again, to hear it was the Hangman of *Paris* he had been complimenting; which though it abated his farther Ardour, yet he declared he had a wonderful deal of Wit and accompliſh'd Manners. Thus the Mouſe in *la Fontaine's* Fables, was not in the wrong when ſhe taught her Son.

*Judge not by Men's Apparel, nor their Mein,
For Excellency is not always seen.*

But I heard a Story from *Nismes* of a Learned Man called *Monsieur Graverol*, who made an Acquaintance with something worse than the Hangman. This Adventure will appear something extraordinary, and be thought fabulous; I had much a-do to believe it my self, but it is attested by the whole City, so you shall hear it. *Monsieur Graverol*, who was far from being a Visionary, assured me of the Truth of it himself: He was alone in his Closet about Two of the Clock at Noon, when a Servant came to him, and told him there was a Stranger who desired to see him. *Monsieur Graverol* bid the Servant pray him to walk in, which having brought Chairs, and done, he went his way. When this Stranger found himself alone with *Monsieur Graverol*, he told him, in most elegant *Latin*, he had heard of his Learning, and was come from a very distant Country to converse with him, and discourse together on several Subjects, which had puzzled the ancient Philosophers. *Graverol* accepted the Proposals answering modestly those Praises which were given him; and several Sciences having been treated of, they continued not long in the *Latin* Tongue, but spoke in *Greek*.
Monsieur

Monsieur *Graverol*, who understood the *Oriental* Languages, was in Admiration to hear the Stranger so perfect in them also, that they seem'd natural to him; and being charm'd with the Conversation, lest some Body might come and interrupt it, he propos'd a Walk to him; it was fair, and the out Parts of *Nimes* being pleasant, they went out of the House to go through the *Crown Gate*, which leads towards some Gardens, where there are very fine Alleys; but being to go through the Street a good distance from his Home, what was extream odd was, that they observ'd Monsieur *Graverol* talk earnestly, and with great Action and Gesture, but saw no Body with him; which occasion'd some of his Acquaintance to go and tell his Wife, that either he was besides himself, or something extraordinary ailed him. She order'd he should be sought for every where, but he was got a great way from the City, and walking among shady Alleys, where being hid from Interruption, he was discoursing on the most sublime Subjects with his new Acquaintance; and having run through the ancient and modern Philosophy, and the Secrets of Nature, they fell into the most hidden Sciences, even to Magick, when the Stranger, tho' he argued with great Skill and Judgment, out-run the Matter. Stop there, said Monsieur *Graverol*, Christianity

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does

does not permit us to go so far, and we must keep within those Bounds which are prescribed us; saying this, he was astonish'd to see no Body with him; however, he walked to the end of the Alley, which was bound-
ed by a Pale, and could go no further, but must of necessity return back again to go out. This Surprize made him call or cry out as amazed, which occasion'd several Men who were at Work about the Trees near him, to come towards him: They observed he look'd pale and weak, and made him drink a little Wine which they had in a Calabash; and gave him all the assistance they could: He ask'd them if they had not seen which way the Gentleman went who was with him; but they assured him there was no Body came along with him, and were wondering he talk'd to himself; that they had seen him a great way off; being up in the Trees, but knowing he was a Lawyer, they thought he was composing some Plea. Monsieur *Graverol*, yet more surpriz'd at what they had said, together with the odd disappearing of the Stranger, went Home, where he found all in a Fright upon the Account which had been given to his Wife, to whom he told all the Circumstances, which put together, and publish'd about the City, they said the Devil had come to pay a Visit to Monsieur *Graverol*.
He

He told me this Story himself very frankly, but would conclude nothing, only saying, You have heard what happen'd to me, and now you know as much as I do, and may judge of it as you please; I know no more: All I can say is, That this Stranger was both very learned and very eloquent, and argued like a Philosopher, and neither his Manners nor Conduct seem'd to be disorderly; but after all, I cannot tell who he was, nor give you any other Definition. I found in the House where Monsieur *Graverol* lodged a pretty little Woman, who spoke her Country Jargon very agreeably; and as the Women of *Low Languedoc* are easie in their Conversation, they are soon acquainted, by which I was so with this; but what made me more desire it was, that the Person of whom I enquired concerning her, inform'd me she had marry'd a Gentleman of 70 Years old, and her Condition deserv'd Compassion, which made me desire to know further: The little Woman having inform'd me of the whole Story, I cannot tell you how I omitted it in my former Letters; but since I now remember it, I must acquaint you with it, as late as it is. This young Creature was a Citizen's Daughter of *Nimes*, and at Sixteen Years of Age she was given to a Gentleman in his Climacterical Year. The Ambition of her Parents mov'd them to make this

unequal Marriage; and the young Woman's Vanity, so natural to her Years, made her consent to it: A Day was appointed for the Ceremony, and that Day which should have been the happiest of her Life, had quite another Event; the Husband, for Reasons I neither will nor ought to enquire into, went to an Apothecary, who was his Friend, and desired him to prepare a Cordial, Strengthening Portion for the Night, forbidding it to be brought Home, for fear of giving Occasion to others Mirth, saying, In the Evening he would come himself for it, which he did not fail of; but it beginning to be dark, and he not being willing to be known, would not suffer a Light to be brought, but went to the Place where they had promised to set his Bottle, and instead of taking that which was prepared for him, he unluckily carry'd with him a plentiful Vomiting Potion; made for another Patient, who taking his high Cordial, it put him in such a Fever they thought he would have dy'd that Night; while our Bridegroom, who doubted nothing of the exchange of Potions, went into his Closet, and emptied his Bottle, and came with great Bravery to lie by his lovely Wife; but by that time the Company had retired, and left the new Couple to those Liberties Marriage allow on like Occasions, the Vomit began to have its Effect; the
poor

poor little Woman being frighted, would have call'd for Help, not knowing what to make of this strange Accident, and perhaps having other Idea's of that Night, was in great Perplexity; but her Husband desired her to compose her self, and be quiet, which she dared not disobey, but spent her Time bare Foot to give him what Assistance she could; but thought he would die every Moment by the Violence of his convulsive Motions, which lasted 'till the Operation was over. In the Morning, being a little recovered, he got some Rest; yet he was so weak and cast down, and his Wife so fatigued and weary with tending him, that they could hardly stand upon their Legs, which those who came to bid them good Morrow, attributed to a much different Cause. The Husband, who knew the Error of their Suppositions, had no desire to undeceive them; and for fear his Wife should, he gave her Ten Pistoles to conceal the Secret, and to make her some amends for the troublesome Night she had pass'd. The little Creature told him innocently, If he would give her every Morning as much, she should be well content, and never desire any Thing else; she promised and kept his Secret most religiously, and saved him from the Raileries to which he would have been exposed, giving him Time enough to recover his Health, which
instead

instead of making the right use of, he got a Whimsie in his Head, fancying that so young and lovely a Creature would never have marry'd him without Repugnance, if she had not some concealed Reason for it; carrying his Suspicions so far, that he believed he was chosen to cover another's Work: The Raileries he had heard upon others new marry'd, and his Wife's Beauty, confirmed him in this Folly, believing another Game had been play'd, wherein he had not any share; and to clear the Truth of the matter, he resolved to let the Time run out without performing the Duties of Matrimony, having such a Disappointment already; so that they lived together wonderful chastely, no Body perceiving this kind of Divorce, nor the Wife making any Complaint, but after several Months, when he was fully convinced of his Injustice and Suspicions, he would have changed his manner of Living, but he found her absolutely resist his Desires. What, said she, was it then in pure Malice you have done this? I thought it was Impotence, and I had the Virtue and Discretion to bear it as I ought; but now I know it was from your ill Nature, I declare you must resolve to abstain your whole Life from what you can so well do voluntarily for Nine Months. This is my Resolution, let us live together prudently,
that

that we may not become the publick Laughter, but believe all you can do, nor any thing in the World is capable to change my Final Determination. He did all he could to perswade her, but in vain, then he went to her Father and Mother, who tried to interpose their Authority in the Dispute: Yet the little Woman continued inexorable, so that at length this Affair became publick: But to put an end to the Jest of the People, her Relations got a Separation made by Agreement, and the little Woman return'd to her Father's House, where she has remain'd ever since, the Husband allowing her a Yearly Pension or Annuity: Thus continuing, without any Possibility of Accomodation. You see what Men get for want of that Trust they ought to have in their Wives; no Man should marry a Wife he does not esteem; and when a Woman is esteem'd, it is not just to suspect her: Trust is the most necessary thing in Marriage, and I cannot but approve the Conduct of the Marquis *de M* — in this Case, who is the King's Lieutenant in this Province: His Wife's Conduct was not the most regular, which mov'd his Relations, and those who were in his Interest, to acquaint him with what the World said of it, that it might be remedied. The Family having a Meeting for this Purpose, this agreeable News was to be told the Husband: After a solemn Consideration of
the

Matter, a Gentleman was pitch'd upon to execute this Commission, who knew the Marquis's Temper ; but thinking it a ticklish Business, he knew not how to acquit himself of it, but resolved to do it indirectly. Monsieur, said he to the Marquis, when they were alone, I am in a great Perplexity ; I am obliged to desire a Husband to take care of his Wife's Conduct, which is not the most regular in the World ; the Interest I have in what concerns him, in some measure obliges me to acquaint him with it ; nay, I have Orders to do it, and the whole Family have engaged me to undertake it ; but I think it a nice Point, such Advice being not always well received, therefore I have resolv'd to do nothing in it 'till I have consulted you : You are capable of advising me, I beseech you tell me what you would do were you in my Place. It concerns you to know the Man's Temper you have to do with, answer'd the Marquis, but I know what he would do if he were of mine ; for I declare, in such a Case, I would answer Him with a Pistol, who would undertake to give me such Advice. Since it is so, said the Gentleman, I will not run that Hazard, but keep my Embassy to my self. I believe, reply'd the Marquis, to tell you freely, it will be the better way. Thus these two Gentlemen, who

who without further Explanation perfectly understood one another, broke off the Subject ; and, in my Opinion, all prudent Men should act answerably, and save the Trouble of diverting the World, by opening such Scenes as will then become visible, but ought to be hid. A Gentleman of this Country might have saved himself many vexatious and perhaps dangerous Affairs had he followed this Advice, and resolved to endure that prudently, which he could not remedy : He had a handsome Wife, but something Coquet, who loved to be admired, and to be in those Places where there was most Pleasure and Diverſion ; but Balls were her ſtrongest Inclination : She danced finely, and her Husband feared ſhe ſhould make ſome ſaſe Step, therefore abſolutely forbid her that Exerciſe. This the Lady obey'd with Reluctance, and only becauſe the Reason of the ſtrongest is the beſt ; but at laſt, after ſhe had conſtrain'd herſelf a good while, ſhe reſolv'd to deceive her Husband by her Diſguiſe, which ſhe thought the Time of Carnavaſ might allow ; and accordingly, when ſhe thought him faſt aſleep, ſhe put on her Habit, and went to a Ball in the Night : But as they ſay the Jealous never ſleep ſoundly, he awaked when leaſt ſuſpected, and his evil Genius threw ſuch

such Suspicions in his Head, that he rose and went into his Wife's Chamber to resolve his Doubts, but not finding her in Bed, they became Certainties, and he resolved to be revenged, believing he was betray'd; and thinking he should have an Opportunity for his Resentment at the Balls, he run from one to another, 'till he thought he saw a Lady who was of the Shape and Height of his Wife, and danced like her: After having some Time observed her, being perswaded it was she he look'd for, he came up to her, fill'd with Rage and Jealousie, giving her a Blow on the Head with his Glove, into which he had before put a considerable Quantity of Lead; she fell immediately speechless to the Ground; and this mad Man was confounded to find she was not the Person he intended. The Lady was carry'd Home, where she is yet very ill. This Extravagance was speedily blown about, and that jealous Husband's Wife, resolving not to expose her self to the like Treatment, fled to her Relations, and prosecutes him for designing to murder her, while she that received the Blow has made Complaints to the Magistrates, and this poor Devil has at the same Time made himself the Butt of two incensed Womens just Resentment; one prosecuting him for the Intention, and the

the other for the Effect. I know not how the Judges will deal with him in this Case, nor how he will extricate himself; but it will be a Work for our Parliament, which, when it is decided, I will impart to you. In the mean Time

I am, MADAM,



LET-



LETTER XL.

From PARIS.

YOU tell me surprizing News in your Letters; the Vision of Monsieur *Graverol* seems extraordinary; and for a Parallel to your Story I will send you one something of the same Nature; it is of the late Mareschal *de Faber*, which I had an Opportunity of knowing lately by an unexpected Accident. Monsieur *Costar*, whose Name must be known to you, brought me a Manuscript, which he pray'd me to shew a Gentleman of my Acquaintance at *Versailles*, and try by his Means to get it disposed of to Advantage. It was the Memoirs of Monsieur *Faber*, written with his own Hand; formerly such a Piece would have sold at a very dear Rate, but the Miseries of the Times has prevented its being sold at its Value; and I was forced to return

turn it again, because it would not fetch what 'twas worth : Yet I had the Pleasure of reading it, and found things in it which I will impart to you. The Mareschal *de Faber* was a Bookseller's Son of *Sedan*, and owed only to Bravery and Merit the Mareschal's Staff, which the King honoured him with ; yet in that high Degree of Honour he never forgot his Beginning. He was so far from making a Genealogy that should derive his Ancestors from Kings, as now the fashion is, that he would not accept so much as a Certificate of Gentility, though such Proofs are essential to receive the Blue Ribbon, but told the King, most sincerely, he had rather be without that Honour, than enjoy it to the prejudice of Truth ; that he was not born a Gentleman, that he thought he was become so, but that he would not pretend to be what he was not. You must think such generous Sentiments did him as much Honour in the King's Mind as the most illustrious Blood could have done ; yet the Justice his Majesty did Monsieur *Faber* made him many Enemies, who murmured against so shining a Fortune, and spread a Report abroad, that he could never have raised himself so high without the help of the Devil : And as I was prepossess'd with this Opinion, I sought in the Manuscript for some thing that

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might

might either destroy or confirm it; and you shall see what I met that has relation to it. Monsieur *de Faber* says in a Part of his Memoirs, that one Night being in Bed, and making serious Reflections upon our mortal State, and what we are, upon what we have been, or what we must become; in the middle of his Sleep he heard the Curtains of his Bed draw, which awakening him by their Noise, he perceived a kind of a Man of an extraordinary size and figure by his Bed-side; that he asked him several Questions, and was surprized at his manner of answering all those he ask'd him: And at last when he had enquired of so many things, he demanded his Sentiment concerning the Original of the World: That learned Figure bid him hold to what *Moses* had written upon it, and as it was related in *Genesis*. But here he breaks off, and leaves a Blank for a good way; it seems as if he intended to finish this Nocturnal Conversation; so that there is no judging by what he left, whether he was an Angel or a Devil; nor does he say any more of it in the Remainder of his Memoirs, but passes on to Military Affairs and Expeditions. Those who believe we have our Genius's will easily suppose this was that of the Marechal, who after having served him so usefully came to be better acquainted with

with him, and to receive his Thanks due Let it be how it will, you see what I read, and of this you may be assured. But there is a Story made, or rather I take it for a Fable to confirm the Rumour that Monsieur *Faber* held a Correspondence with the Devil: For as they said they had made a League together, they likewise gave out that the Devil came at the time appointed to execute the Treaty, and keep his Word. Now see how this is related: They say the Mareschal being at his Country-House, found himself something indisposed; and being put to Bed without taking any thing, he ordered his Valet to open the Window, and tell him if he saw any thing abroad; he did so, and said he saw nothing: A little while afterwards his Master gave him the same Command, and then he told him he saw, but at a great Distance, a little Light like a Wax-Candle; he opened the Window a third Time, and told Monsieur *Faber* the Light drew nearer towards the Park: It is enough, said the Mareschal, go to Bed; but being disturbed at his Master's Illness, and at what he had made him do, he waited sometime at the Chamber Door, and heard the Window open, and some Noise, as if some thing had come in through it; afterwards he perfectly distinguished two Voices near the Bed, arguing

about the Time, but dared not venture to come in because of his Master's Commands; at last the Dispute ceased: But in the Morning, at the usual Hour, when his Valet came into his Chamber, he found M. *de Faber* laid a-cross his Bed, with his Head downwards and his Neck broken: It was not doubted the Devil had done it, and that the Dispute that was heard was about some Error in the Calculation of the Time. This Story run all about *Paris*, and there were People of Distinction who believed it, and assisted at the Inventory which was made of his Effects, to see if among his Papers they could find his Contract with the Devil; but there was nothing like it, only in his Closet there were two Mandrakes perfect in both Sexes. You know Mandrakes are Roots which imitate a Humane Form, and these two were Male and Female, embracing one another; for though these are Rarities, which a curious Man may have in his Closet, they did not fail in not finding any other Proofs of his League with the Devil, to say these Mandrakes were the Seal of it. For my part, I confess I cannot sufficiently wonder that any rational People can have the Weakness to believe there is any due treating with the Devil, being perswaded he is not of a treatable Nature, and that if he were such, he would have full Employment;
mer;

ment; for there is hardly a Gamester but would give himself to him a good Penny-worth when he lost his Money; and we hear those every Day, who on such a time call upon him in vain: He might also find some Practice among Lovers, and so many People who do daily give themselves to him *gratis*, would never scruple it when they got by it. But suppose it is possible to make an Agreement with him, I would fain know to what Purpose such a Contract would be, if the Devil whenever he had a Mind to it, would break the Conditions, and send some of his Imps to tell them they must obey: If it be said there is no such danger, for he is exact in keeping his Word, why then don't they take it? And what need is there of signing a Contract on both Sides? Methinks these are such fordid things as are a shame to our Natures, and I blush for them. The Opinion that every Man has a Genius, is not altogether so gross. Here are many People believe it, and pretend there is something which warns us of what shall or may happen; and if more attention were given to such Advertisements, we should commit fewer Faults than we do. We have a profest Gamester call'd *Mademoiselle de Martin*, who has got it in her Head that she has a Genius, yet she is not the richer for it, but often loses her

Money at Play ; but she says she owes her Life to it, and that it saved her from a Danger she had been exposed to the t'other Day. This Damsel is neither fair nor young ; she has the Inclinations of a Man, rather than those of a Woman, and runs from House to House, where there is any Gaming, offering her Service in a Shirt button'd like a Man's, in a Night-Gown let down, and a Cap instead of a Cornet and Top-knots: In this amphibious Dress we see her going from Door to Door, in quest of Play, sometimes winning, sometimes losing, as Chance happens. A little while since, being at Madam *Chaulieu's* at the Temple, the Sitting having lasted 'till Three of the Clock in the Morning, Madam *de St. Martin* was obliged to go as the rest did, and ordered her Chairman to be called ; but when they told her they were at the Stairs-Foot, she turn'd about to Madam *Chaulieu*, and desired her to let her pass that Night at her House, for my Genius, said she, forbids me to go out ; therefore, if you please, permit me to stay here : But Mademoiselle, said Madam *Chaulieu*, it may be your Genius don't know I have ne'er a Bed to offer you ; he ought to have found some Remedy for that : It is no matter, Madam, said the other, if you give me an Elbow-Chair, I had rather sit by your Fire than disobey my Genius : During

ring which time she sent for her Woman to bringher what she wanted for that Night, then sent her in her Chair Home; this Chair shut with a Spring, so that when it was shut the Person in it must open it, for those without could not. A little way off, some Thieves, who knew Madam *de St. Martin* had been at Play and won Money, stop'd the Chair, and one of the Chairman resisting, was killed, the other flying left his Fare to the Thieves, who were never the better for it, for they could not open the Door; and a Coach coming towards them prevented their breaking the Door open, causing them to fly also, but the Chair was overthrown, with the Woman in a Swoon, the dead Chairman lying by it, without any Body's taking further notice 'till it was Day, when a great Crowd surrounded it, taking the frighted Woman out, and helping her to recover her Spirits: She gave them the Relation, which has given Madam *de St. Martin's* Genius much credit, and augments her Confidence in it. I would fain ask her of what Sex her friendly Genius is, but I imagine it is Feminine; for the *Daniël* is much like the Countess of —, who notwithstanding her great Wit and Quality (for she is Grand-Daughter to two Mareschals of *France*) was banished, because, as it is said, she loved

her own Likeness too much. Would one think that that should produce a Crime, and a punishable Crime too? So true it is, that the best and most innocent things may become evil by the bad Use and Abuse of them. Queen *Margaret* seems to insinuate in her Memoirs, that her Mother had also a kind of Genius, which advertised her of all that should happen to her, whether good or evil: But the Publick was not of that Opinion, for the Lady is accused of the blackest Magick, and of having been in League with the Devil. But now I mention Queen *Margaret*, I never heard 'till the other Day that she had so strange a Weakness, as I am told she had; she could not hear the Name of Death or Dead pronounced, and turned away her Gardiner immediately, for answering her a Tree was dead, when she ask'd him why it did not thrive. This happened in *Loragais* when that Princess was under a kind of Confinement at *Castlenaudari*. You being in that Country, I have told you this Circumstance, to enquire into the Truth of it. I have heard another very pleasant one, which concerns *Henry* the Fourth: Every Body knows, that in his Youth he used to go without Ceremony to Dinner to his Farmers, and was extreemly familiar with his Domesticks. A Gardiner, who in those Days had much of his Favour, resolved when he was

was settled peaceably on his Throne, to take a Journey to *Paris*, and renew his old Acquaintance; for which Cause he came from *Bearn* on Foot, and after that long and painful Journey, arrived at the Gates of our great City: There he ask'd where the King lived, they told him at the *Louvre*; thither he came and discovered who he was, saying he was the King's Countryman, and came so far only to make him a Visit, and they need only tell him he was such a one, and the King would be glad to see him: His Majesty did accordingly know his Name, but not thinking it fit to give him a publick Audience, like an Ambassador, ordered they should treat him kindly, and tell him at Night he would send for him to his Bed-Chamber, and talk with him in private: The good Man obey'd, in spite of his Impatience; but hearing the King supped in Publick, and that he might see him, he resolved to procure himself that Pleasure, expecting more: He came in his *Bearn* Cap, under the Protection of an Officer the King had commanded to take care of him. He was charm'd to see his dear Prince leaning upon a Couch, surrounded with Lords, who all stood about him: The honest Man knew not where he was for Joy to behold so much Splendor and Magnificence: He look'd upon the King from time to time, and made

Signs of Wonder to him, which he did not think fit to answer ; at which the poor Clown was a little scandalized, who remembered things had not been always so ; but knew nothing of the Proverb, which says, *That Time, Place, and Persons must be observed*, though, according to this Rule, his Majesty waited 'till he was alone in his Bed-Chamber before he would receive his old Countryman : There he embraced him, and ask'd him in the *Bearnois* Jargon, whether he was pleased with what he had seen ? Yes, Sir, said he, only there is one thing that vexes me ; I think you have too much Pride since you made your Fortune ; one would have sworn just now, to see you among all those brave Folks, that we had never known one another before : The King could not help laughing at his Simplicity : But this Speech, pronounced in the *Bearnois* manner, has twice the Grace it can have by translating it. The King showed him abundance of Kindness, and ordered him to be made much of, and to be showed any thing : After some time he made him Presents, and sent him Home. I heard yet of another Story of *Henry* the Fourth, that a *Bearnois* Taylor, settling at *Paris*, and having grown rich, was talking of the Hardness of the Times ; to prove that *Paris* was an ungrateful Place, See, said he, what is to be done here, there are but two

two who have made their Fortunes here, and those are King *Henry* the Fourth, and my self; perhaps he might say, my self and King *Henry* the Fourth, and name himself first. This Story, with that of the Gardiner, were told me together, and both pleased me: If you had them before, why did you not send them to me? In some Things the *Bearnois* Taylor was not in the Wrong; if his Comparison had been equal, we might have agreed with him that this is an ungrateful Country. I saw t'other Day a Man who plainly proves this Truth, and has starved in the Black Musqueteers this fifteen Years (his Name is *Perelongue*), after doing the King a very considerable Service, for which he deserved to be better rewarded: One Day when his Majesty was a hunting, his Horse stood up an end, and grew dangerous; the King had been infallibly thrown if *Perelongue* who was near, had not taken him by main Strength into his Arms, and pull'd him out of so great a Danger, which was almost inevitable: They that beheld the Action, prais'd the Zeal and Boldness of the young Man, who, without fearing the Danger he run if he had fail'd in Strength or Address, thought only of saving the King, without concerning himself for the rest: He was then but newly come from his Country, and no

Body

Body knew who he was. The King ask'd him his Country, he told him *Bayonne*, and that his Name was *Perelongue*; that he was a Gentleman, but of a Family more loaden with Children than Riches. The King commanded him to go into the Musqueteers, and ordered him Five Hundred Crowns, promising to take care of his Fortune. All the Court thank'd him, and the Dauphin in particular told him, He would never forget the Service he had done. This poor Youth had all the Reason in the World to hope, that something considerable would fall to his Share, or at least, that the Five Hundred Crowns would be continu'd every Year; but so far were they from being a Pension, this proved but a single Gratification once for all, and *Perelongue* continues in the Musqueteers, no more advanced than at first; some say he is left where he was, because the Adventure, not being for the King's Honour, they would have it be forgotten; it is an Honour to him only that saved him, for without injuring the King's Character, it could not be said, That a Hero was capable of Fear, for they may die, but they cannot be afraid; and therefore it must be suppos'd his Majesty could have deliver'd himself from this Danger without any others Assistance; besides, it was not much for their Honour to whom the Guard of his Person was intrusted

trusted, to permit any others to take Care of his Preservation, nor to suffer any unknown Countenance to approach so near him; for had he any evil Intentions, he might have done what he pleas'd: Wherefore for all these Considerations, it has been thought fit to leave this Service unrewarded; but as this Accident is known, there has been many Reasonings upon it; some say the King's Horse was unruly because the Flies stung him; others, that he was tangled in his Equipage; but those who are for Wonders say, an Apparition appear'd to the King, and his Horse being frighted, took his Bit in his Teeth, and his Majesty being also in a fright, quitted his Bridle and his Stirrups; but these are a Parcel of foolish Tales, which I seldom give any Faith too; this is true, that *Perelongue* is forgotten; but to take off the Crime of Ingratitude, they say he imposed upon the King, when he said he was a Gentleman, it being since known he is the Son of a Tradesman: To which he answered, There was nothing contradictory in what he had alledg'd; for in Maritime Towns, Commerce was not derogatory from Gentility, but when a Dog is to be drowned, they say he is mad. Thus it is to no purpose to justify one's self, when it is resolved they shall be guilty. I am
in

in the like Wonder of what they can accuse another Man, called *Laguarigues*, who has been no betrer rewarded than *Perelongue*, tho' he ventured more for the King's Service: He was formerly sent into *Holland* with Twelve Dragoons, to seize and bring with him *Paul Sardan*, a Native of *Nismes*, who after having been engaged in the Conspiracy of the Chevalier *de Rhoan*, when he saw it fail, took Refuge in *Holland*, where he was called the Count of *St. Paul*. *Laguarigues* went thither with the Men allotted him, whereof some were false, by whom his Design was discovered; he put in Prison, and condemn'd to die for attempting to violate the Law of Nations; he was carried to the Place of Execution, his Eyes bound up, and the Executioner had raised his Hand to strike off his Head, when a Pardon came in the nick, which Monsieur *d'Avaux* had obtain'd of the late King *William*, then Prince of *Orange*, and Statholder of *Holland*, Monsieur *d'Avaux*, being then Embassador of *France*: The Hangman took the Cloth from before poor *Laguarigues* Eyes, and offer'd to let him Blood immediately, that the Fright might not cause some Disorder; he knew not where he was, but belived he was dead, and imagined the Crowd were People of another World; but some *French* Officers got upon the Scaffold
to

with him Joy, and by solid Reasons proved he was alive, telling him he should not refuse Bleeding, as the Hangman offer'd him, for he was a very good Surgeon, and in *Holland* they had not the Aversion for the Executioner as in *France*; yet Monsieur *Laguarigues* would not be let Blood, only thinking how to get away as soon as possible, from a Country where he had been so great Danger; he came to Court, and the King ordered him Five Hundred Crowns only for his whole Gratification. Was it worth a Man's while exposing himself to be hanged for such a Sum? Yet he was so happy in those Times that the Money was paid down; had it been now he must have taken Bills, of which two Thirds would be lost by Discount. I know not how, with such Paper Payments, a War will be carry'd on, which seems so dreadfully inflamed. I told you in my former of a Nofegay, that Madam *de Camus* presented the King on St. *Lewis's* Day; and also, I think, that his Majesty made that a Lady a Present of his Picture set with Diamonds, upon which the Princess of *Epinoi* said, out of Jealousy and Envy, or both, that the King indeed gave her his Picture, but that Madam *le Camus* for the Gratification of her own Vanity, set it with Diamonds at her own Charge, which gave Occasion for the following

following Verses, address'd to Madam
le Camus.

B *T* the rich Gift you so caress,
When e'er you look on it ;
The Royal Donor meant t'express,
How he esteem'd your Wit.

*A lesser Present wou'd suffice
Foul Envy to awake :
She rowls about her Blood-shot Eyes,
And animates each Snake.*

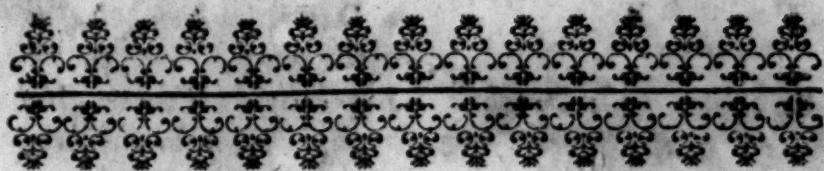
*Th' infernal Fury did not dare
The Picture to assail,
But in Revenge resolves to tear
The Frame-work, Tooth and Nail.*

I believe you will like them. I can assure you they did not displease any Body but Madam d'Epinoi ; Madam *le Camus* took an Occasion to show them to the King, who could not help smiling at them : This shows what they gain, who have not Justice enough to allow that to others which their Merit deserves. I will not fail to send you what I think most capable to make you some Amends for the Distance there is between us : And desire the same Favour from you ; and am always,

MADAM, *Tours, &c.*

F I N I S.





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